

PRAISE for Jess C Scott

“[Please] keep up the good work . . . the world can certainly use some more authentic, original work like yours, rather than the same old re-packaged mass-market pulp.”

— *TGirl Revelations / Bibrary.com, October 2010*

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“I love the fact that the writer is not scared of taboo subjects, I love to read and learn about different things, and I am very glad that there are authors out there like [Jess].”

— *Melanie Alexander / 2010*



INCESTIABLE [incest stories]

Jess C Scott

Incestiable

Published by Jess C Scott at Smashwords

www.jesscscott.com

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Second Edition: March 2011
ISBN 978-1-4581-8483-2

The characters and events portrayed in this book are fictitious. Any similarity to real persons, living or dead, is coincidental and unintended by the author. All characters portrayed are 18+ at time of sexual activity.

1. Fiction/Erotica
2. Fiction/Romance/Adult
3. Fiction/Romance/Contemporary
4. Fiction/Short Stories

Summary: Featuring the first collection of Jess C Scott's incest-themed erotic short stories. A short summary is included at the start of each story.

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#

For everyone with an incestuous kink.

P.S. Thank you for checking out my stories. The print version of *Incestiable* will be available via my website in mid-2011).

~ Jess C Scott, Jan 2011.

#

Summaries

1. Wicked Lovely (siblings):

Ed has been (guiltily) attracted to “Goddess Julie” for as long as he can remember—but moves out once he finishes high school. Unexpectedly, Julie discovers she has similar sentiments...

2. Swiss Miss (siblings):

Listless Andy Acklin underestimates the hold his younger sister has over him, who’s blossomed into a full fledged hottie.

3. Crunk (mother-son):

Cougar on the prowl Rachel Coker turns her attention to Brent, her 20-year-old son.

4. Ringfinger (siblings):

22-year-old Nathan Karim proves his lifetime commitment and loyalty to Maya Karim, three days before Maya’s wedding day.

5. Spinning Around (father-daughter):

48-year-old Deryk Wolf’s not-so-little girl shows her appreciation for his support of her passion for fashion.

#



[1] WICKED LOVELY

Summary: Ed has been (guiltily) attracted to “Goddess Julie” for as long as he can remember—but moves out once he finishes high school. Unexpectedly, Julie discovers she has similar sentiments...

** Originally published in Jess’s 4:Play.*

Wicked Lovely

[Ed / 4 June 2006]

YES—I've the whole house to myself.

Nine Inch Nails is playing upstairs, God how I love that fuck you like an animal song. Music's so-so-so-so L-O-U-D. Rhythm's so hypnotic it's giving me a headspin.

Dad's with golfing buddies. Mom's at some beading class or bingo session. Don't know it don't matter.

And Julie? Julie Elle Drake is out with Bobby.

Bobby the Nice Guy.

Bobby the Prince.

Bobby the Sweet Guy who Asked Me Out with the Burnt Cookie he made at Home Ec class.

Bobby the Everything.

Think about going over to Kingston's house for a while. Dude owes me 100 bucks. I should steal that and more when I'm over. He and his CEO dad share a stash of porn mags and expensive tobacco. But oh. It's a lazy Sunday afternoon. Too half-assed to even reach over, pick up the phone and dial a number.

Switch TV on. Lounge around. It will only last a few minutes.

This languid tranquility is the prelude to what comes next. *That feeling*, suddenly picks up again. I try and try but I can't get away. Cell by cell, my brain is wired to the signal. It's like a strange invisible smoke line, luring you in...to the destination place.

"This is so weird." I speak my thoughts out loud. One nice thing about having the house to yourself is that you can voice your own thoughts without fear.

Everyone will kill me if they know about this. I'm a perv, a deviant, a psycho, a twisted individual! This is gross unhealthy abnormal I'll cross over a line that should have never been crossed if I haven't already and I need counseling or should I see a psychiatrist and get myself checked out, maybe we were brought up in a screwed up kind of way?

"I don't think so." Detective Green on Law & Order. Lost track of what's going on in this episode. Can't concentrate. Can't concentrate on shit.

Body is aching. In the craving way.

Peel myself off the sofa. *Ed, you sicko.*

I wanna tell the voice in my head and the whole world to shut up. They can talk and talk but they've not been in the same situation, they don't even know what they're missing out on.

That. That's the exact thing that fuels their disgust and anger. It's a displaced frustration, that they can never have access to this deranged special kind of arrangement. *Go, Ed!*

Drag myself up the stairs in a weird mix of dread guilt apprehension and uncontrollable wild anticipation and excitement.

Find myself in front of Goddess Julie's room. The door is closed but you can't lock it from the outside. Glare at the morons on the poster. Some lame brothers emo-looking band with way too much eyeliner and black hair dye that really sucks BIG TIME, nothing but pop "rock" crap for 12 year old girls to listen to (Julie isn't 12—figure of speech). Their lyrics are about their love life and if those lyrics are indeed true, damn their love life blows. They don't have one insanely hard and talented guitar solo, no drummer, no bass player, and no talent. They are just another manufactured product and who knows what their appeal is. Where's a new Zeppelin, Iron Maiden, Nirvana, or Guns n' Roses? Good music is dead. So once again, I don't think they suck, I KNOW they suck.

Then the paranoia and urgency strikes. *Hurry up! Someone might be home any minute!*

Why's Julie's room always so immaculate. Even if I pack my room and try to keep it clean it looks like a pigsty within a day or two at most. Clothes papers and empty water bottles all over. Julie's is always neat and tidy and she puts everything back in their proper place and she doesn't use any of those awful air fresheners or "deodorizers" like you find in malls or public restrooms but there's this nice pleasant fresh sweet scent all the same maybe she burns scented candles every night I got her a set for her birthday. But she has so many so I don't know if she's used it oh god oh god oh yes what I'm here for...

I slide open her top drawer *yes yes oh yes* of course everything is in place. Whoa she's gotten new stuff since the last time I was here a few weeks ago. Nice stuff too, lace and

more lace, blacks reds. I knew she always had it in her. But those have the price tags on still. *Not used before?*

But no wait! That's good! *So maybe I'm seeing them first before Bobby or anyone else.*

The label says 'Made in Hong Kong'. High quality, I didn't know that.

I run my fingers slowly over them. Gorgeous lace. See a Free VS Cotton Panty card on the tabletop. Exotic-looking black model to the right in a pink thong covering her bare tits with her bare arms. Yes pretty face nice hair and all but I think Julie should go be a model and appear in some lingerie catalog too. What is it with the sickly looking shapeless pale stick figures nowadays yet another thing I don't think I'll ever understand I mean it'll be like humping a skeleton though I wouldn't really know for sure it's more of a postulation: now Julie, Julie ain't a skeleton, she's not fat either. She's slim but curvaceous. Her hips. Her slender thighs. The curve of her waist that screams for your hand to be there. She's going to be the death of me. How am I supposed to date and meet new people and look for the "girl of my dreams" when I'm already under the same roof with her day and night in, how do I figure this out—she doesn't know, she doesn't know how wrong it is to keep smiling and treating me nice I **am** her big brother after all, and if Bobby dares lay a hand on her...but I bet not that guy's a total wuss, but anyone else how can they not with an angel's face and body for sin like that? See everyone else is entitled to do whatever they want except ME *does she let them does she let them* but the important question is *would she let ME*.

So she hasn't used this VS card yet. Goody, that means another one is coming soon. Suddenly I freeze: *I think I'm heterosexual. Yes I'm a teenage male that gets turned on by women's clothes, but recognizes himself as male, I just choose to express the 'femininity' of my personality. Might this even make me more able to have better sexual relationships with women? But what if I'm homo. How does liking wearing women's clothes make me homo when I would rather be in a relationship with a female than male. But what if I'm a bisexual that's never been in a relationship with a man before? Or what's that other one, transsexualism? What the hell does that mean anyway?*

Then all of that doesn't matter because I'm made aware of the fact that

I Am Stiff. Wanted to take this slower today but in this midst of the paranoia and actually being here that's not going to happen. Strip my boxers off and reach out for two, three, thongs, gorgeous thongs, and *oh Julie if only you were here, I'm older/taller/bigger/smarter/fitter/better-looking than that ratface Bobby with the annoying hawk nose and greasy pimply face what the hell do you see in him anyway.* The sensation of lace is a new one, different from my own hands, oh oh oh anything is different and better than my own hands, my whole bod shivers with pleasure meeting with these freaking hot panties *that's going to be BETWEEN JULIE'S LEGS!!!!!!!*

Shoot a load into her underwear. Man alive that's the most amount in the entire past month. And then I wear them, one of 'em. The red black really bad-girl looking one. That piece of string cutting up the ass sure isn't fine, but I don't fit all the way in them I'm so hard.

Julie I wish you were here I can only dream about you digging this big time. "Walk around the room" you'd command, be a dominatrix crack that whip tell me anything I'd do it and Julie you angel from Hell my own flesh and blood how can this be WHY god WHY oh who cares you'll hump me for a while from outside and after a while you'll tell me to take them off and to come and do you for hours all through the night and we'd be sore all over the next morning.

Man, I haven't been this hard since forever oh I want to put the wood in her like I've come so damn hard I've now got a bloody cramp in my foot and I think I just heard the front door slam and yeah oh yeah that's Mom's jubilant voice singing "Ed! Are you home? I got you some cookies!", and I think of the burnt cookie and Bobby and oh shit I have 20 seconds to get outta here will you notice what I left behind, Julie? We need an apartment something somewhere there's no way in this house coz we'd tear the house down and keep the neighbors up and Mom's eagle eyes man don't get me started on that *do you know that when I say I wanna travel the world live in some place like Mauritius or the Maldives and all my escapist dreams, I really mean that I want to do all that with you I don't know why it just seems to be a*

natural choice coz we know each other well and get on with each other great why shouldn't we and Julie you're the one person that doesn't judge me oh I guess I'll lay these back neatly like you left and like it and maybe you'll dream of me before you sleep at night like I do about you Julie, Julie

[Julie : 3 February 2007]

Bobby dumped me.

I don't know if I was expecting or asking too much. I feel like I've wasted a whole portion of my life. I could have spent this time doing much more useful things.

I really need a life, and have to let loose more instead of getting caught up in relationship rubbish.

If I think back, there was one point where I figured that things weren't working out for either of us.

Some guys say that going down on a girl is "nasty". I guess it doesn't really taste like honey all of the time, but if we're going to go down on them all the time, I think it's only fair that both sides make the effort to please each other.

Oh well. So we were in the basement. It was around Christmas time. I was at his house, we were alone in the basement, and we were making love.

"Will you go down on me?" I ventured.

I read in magazines countless times. That in relationships, it's all about communication. That if I wanted something from my boyfriend, whether it was sexual or not, I'd have to voice up and let him know about it. Because nobody is a mind-reader. So okay, I bought that. Now to sit back and see what results I would get for my efforts.

It's a good thing I am a cynical pessimist sometimes. It keeps you from being bruised a little too much. Ed thinks I'm smart, that's why I don't take crap from anyone, but I think I'm just more of a realist more than anything.

So I waited. Saw Bobby's face in between my thighs. He was fingering me, not really knowing what to do next.

Did I really expect him to answer, "Yes, dear—your wish is my command," like some incredible sexual-requests-granting genie?

Well, maybe. For just a wishy-washy second.

He was hesitating. His hesitation seemed to conquer his...enthusiasm (if there was any to begin with)...in this “something new” to try out.

He did try it out though. He first gave a lick. There was nothing wrong with the actual lick. It was light, tentative, careful, and he didn’t really seem totally grossed out.

But his heart wasn’t in it.

It was, like, “Okay, you asked for something, so I gave it to you. So there.” Was it pleasant for him? Was I forcing him to do something he didn’t want to?

“Do I continue?” he asked. Not in an unfriendly manner.

I decided to give it one more chance.

“Mmm,” I uttered as sexily as I could. I shot him a sultry look with my eyes. I gave him the sauciest smile I could manage too. I wanted him to know that I didn’t doubt his abilities. That there was no rush about anything. That I wanted us to both enjoy it.

He kept at it for a while. I writhed around more out of obligation than actual ecstasy. My own inventive uses of the edges of chairs and tables could do the job ten times better.

“Can I go back to what we were doing before?” I heard Bobby say.

“Alright, baby,” I replied. “Your tongue’s getting tired, huh?”

“I guess you’re taking too long to come.”

I laughed. We rolled over and started spooning. I glanced at the clock on the wall—he must have been at it for about ten minutes, tops.

From then on things were just...different.

Maybe I should have waited a little longer. I did love Bobby, so I thought it was right, I thought it would *be* right...the first time was quite good. It was memorable, because we were both excited and horny. It took two or three times to get the position right.

But now, he was just a little spaced out a lot of the time. Like he’d rather be doing something else than be with me. The spark had gone out.

Maybe he had the hots for someone else. I didn’t want to know so I didn’t ask.

I told Sandra about this incident at Bobby’s basement. But even she doesn’t know about the other thing that I’ve never told anyone about.

When Bobby was between my thighs, I found myself fantasizing about another male. Someone who'd really just enjoy going down on me and who'd take his time with it, and enjoy the time spent with me instead of griping on how long I took to come and all sorts of other technicalities.

I thought far out—I thought of Jonathan Rhys Meyers. I thought of Johnny Depp. I thought of Orlando Bloom. Jude Law. Some model I saw on a Burberry's ad.

And suddenly, for a moment or two, I thought of *Ed*. Ed Noel Drake, with his dark hair and nice eyes. I told him that his eyes reminded me of Elvis Presley once. He said, "Thanks. That's what every sister should say to their older brother," and I smiled.

I've always taken it as a compliment when people say we look alike because with his good build, handsome youthful features (high cheekbones, beautiful smile—natural, no orthodontic makeover required), he's quite God's gift to women.

And as I was sighing, and moaning, the sigh was because I just knew that Ed wouldn't have said the same thing that Bobby did. But I wondered how I was going to ever find that out to prove it.

Ed's a good older brother. Protective, so I made sure Bobby wasn't around too much. Why Ed would ever want to know what I taste like, is some fantasy I'd best keep to myself.

We are pretty close siblings. I would have to be out of my mind to allow something like that, to mess things up between us.

[Ed / 12 March 2007]

There is a GOD. Julie told me yesterday that she just broke up with Bobby I asked her what happened she said things just weren't working out and I said good now you can get yourself a better guy *meaning me of course a loud voice says from somewhere above my head* wow I guess she's finally opened her eyes.

Then Kingston sends me a text telling me there's a party over at his house today, coz his folks are out of town, and I

say to Julie “hey man let’s go you can get your mind off Bobby it’ll be fun” and she says “yes that sounds like a good idea” and we tell Mom we’re going to watch a late-night movie later tonight and Mom says “okay” coz we told her while she was yakking on the phone about some Desperate Housewives episode then OH.ME.OH.MY I realize that this is the day I have been waiting on ever since I can remember.

We’re already here and everyone is pissed drunk the number of people making out upstairs I don’t have enough fingers to count them, and one of the rooms with clothes on the bed reminds me of when I saw Julie changing when she was 13. I must have seen her changing before but that’s the one I remember. At home her door is normally closed when she’s getting dressed. Nobody knows except the walls of that clubhouse we went to over the weekend.

It was one of those chalets we were in. 4pm her door was open I was walking by she had three or four shirts laid out on the bed. Her girlish body, just on the brink of teenagedom. She was more concerned with picking out the best one than having privacy the sun’s rays were shining in, her hair was falling over her chest she’s so pretty, and she has only gotten prettier since. I went into the shower where I was heading to and masturbated myself to climax.

Julie Julie Julie, my starlight, where areeeeeeeeeee you. I saw her just now and she was talking to a skanky-looking chick that looked drunk enough. I mean I was looking out for Julie, making steadily sure she was getting slowly more and more drunk, then bringing her to a new bunch of people so she’d get mixed up with who she was talking to, and the old bunch of people we were talking to would forget about us and then everyone would forget about us and she would be alone with me.

I am chatting with Kingston about his actress-cousin “Aiko Bailey” I ask “is she related to whoever owns Bailey’s Irish Cream”, and when Kingston turns round and yells “WATCH THE FRIGGIN’ VASE!!” at a couple of people on top of the piano I head for the drawer where sure enough there’s a wad of cash, and I take two hundred dollar bills, never know when you’re gonna need some extra dosh. When I turn around, I don’t know where Julie is and 30 people seem to have come in through the front door so where on earth is someone when you really wanna find them?

I was going to get her drunk, check. I was going to get her so drunk she wouldn't know who she was with and I'd be able to come in and rescue her like the chivalrous older brother I was and am but maybe I wouldn't even need to do that all I'd need to do was steal her away to some place—all is going good, but maybe it'll have to be outdoors, Kingston's house is too full already dammit the huge shower with its glass doors would be perfect but of course that place is already locked, I'd pay the bozos inside if I had cash to spare so that I could loan the restroom for a half hour or so then I realize that I DO have the cash but am missing the partner that I can't find but really anywhere would do ANYWHERE I already have the condoms in my wallet *just in case I* if I still have my wallet with me in the first place, *do I, do I—I do*, alright, alright.

And then YES there she is on the couch, Julie oh my fallen angel in the arms of this lecherous looking *I think lecherous is the right word* dude who I think is the quarterback of the university football team. I remember seeing his face a few times in the local papers. Her shirt is lifted and I see those beautiful awesome rose-pink jewels her firm supple torso's mesmerizing focal points, her denim bra it's on the guy's shoulder and she's stroking his dick which must be in Heaven now through his jeans.

Thanks mofo! Ed can now save the day! I'm gonna rescue her from this lowlife asshole and tell her all about it tomorrow.

I give him a shove and say: "Hey, that's my sister. Get off her."

Quarterback doesn't seem to buy the concerned brother act, why'd he need to be threatened by me at all as well compared to him I must admit that he is the more physically opposing. Trouble, trouble. Cold shiver runs down my spine but I finish what I start.

Quarterback suitably sizes me up and knows snapping my neck wouldn't be difficult.

"You're so funny I'll kick your ass," he slurs, his hands on Julie's buttcheeks.

"She's underage."

"She doesn't look it. And she doesn't *act* like it."

"Well she is, and I can report you. I'll take a picture on my cell too."

I hold it up. I'm not too sure about the law, and my cell has zero camera phone capabilities. But it works.

Quarterback shoots me this look and I see the empty bottles of Heineken on the floor *should I smash one over his head before he does it to me first* but he slinks off the seat with Julie's bra as a souvenir *the lucky swine* and leaves Julie half-naked *yes-yes-yes-yes-yes!* right there waiting for me.

"Oh you," she purrs. *Oh, how sweet her voice is.* "I was just getting started! Did you meet Casey? He said he's taking me to a dance next week!"

"Yes, yes I did. Let's go now, shall we." I pull her shirt down and my heart is pounding in my head.

"Where are we going?"

"Out, somewhere. For fresh air."

There's some people at the door that I don't know but no one gets in the way as we two stumble out of the house and it's just us two making our way to the back, Kingston's house is so huge and the garden is limitless and the lighting is dim and nice and I hear a couple or two making out, moans the raw sounds of hot damn just the thing I need and I'm aiming for the furthest spot away, at the fence, or maybe over the fence if I can manage coz there's a park over that side and that would be swell.

I feel Julie weakly gripping my arms, and her weight's on me. She's passed out!

This is my chance NOW before she wakes up, but even if she does she wouldn't know it's me coz it's so dark, and her memory would be hazy, now's the time. I carry her do my best is she really *THIS* heavy one hand across the upper back *this looks a lot easier in the movies* and another at the knees *what-is-that weird squishy thing I just stepped on,* then we reach this gazebo thing in Kingston's garden. I go to the back of it and it's a good hiding spot. I'll be able to see or hear anyone if anyone steps near.

I shake her very lightly and whisper, *Julie...*

She doesn't respond. The dim light from the two tall lamps in front of the gazebo allows me to see what I am doing. My hands are trembling as I lift up her shirt. My hands are still shaking and I am panting slightly. My crotch feels like it's on fire. I unzip her skintight jeans and pull it

down and I know there's that perfect 10 ass *which would look even better riding My Captain Caveman.*

I eye her flat stomach and her lacy red-black panties, the one I had come in before. I want her completely in the nude I lie there over her frozen for a minute as I build up the courage to start removing her magnificent mind-blowing panties when suddenly, she flickers her eyelids open.

"Ed," she says softly.

God Almighty she recognizes me and this is the end of me. She's going to scream and I'll have to knock her out. Promptly. Soon. Now. I'm a murderer. This was doomed from the start. Anything would be better. Getting raped by a stranger, being kidnapped, anything but your own brother

"Ed." She smiles, a real happy smile, not the drunk flirty ditzzy "he's taking me to the dance!" semi-conscious type of smile, and passes out again.

My breathing stops for 5 seconds. I lean into her again, and whisper "Julie?" I don't know what else to say she's not waking up *ED: WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR* and I can hear some of the faint hip hop music coming from Kingston's house, and see the cars parked outside, and I'm still hard but I think it'll only be for a couple of seconds more and I feel a little guilty, but this is the best that I can do, the years and years before something...and I find myself going down, and I kiss one of her breasts...that are so, so soft and snuggly...and I find myself doing it, because it's out of something that feels faintly like respect and honor and I do a 180 from where I was before all these foreign words I've never thought about come floating up in my head. I kissed her: for her trust her friendship her laughs her support her positivity her femininity.....and I cover her up lest anyone should see her I mean what the shiz she shouldn't be on display like this for the whole world to see and gawk and ogle at even though there is no one and I lie on the grass next to her, feeling like I want to pull my entrails out and hers too for getting me into this senseless crudacious mindless craphole, yet I'm filled with a strange sense of what feels something like pride, while still being undeniably incensed at myself for everything, even though I can really have it all right now as I take her lovely smooth hand in my sweaty worthless one and gaze at the stars above, wondering to no end if I should, wondering why

I'm not, wondering if she's alright, wondering what kind of fubar brother I am, wondering if she's ever wanted me, wondering

Ed: something's wrong with you.

[Julie : 14 March 2007]

Spent yesterday lying around in bed.

It was the usual scene the other night. Well, I mean "the usual" in the sense that that's what happens at a party sometimes when there's way too much booze. Too much booze makes you do reproductive acts and lots of other activities.

I wasn't holding it onto Ed to look out for me or do the whole protective older brother thing. I've given these get-togethers the miss most of the time, so I was going to check caution at the door. Before I'm twenty-one and officially an adult, and then twenty-five, whereby it's all downhill and hello to gravity thereafter.

Kristy Rose was at the party. I remember talking to her, something about chocolate fondue and strawberries. Today, she was online, and she said she wished she had a brother like Ed. I asked her why, and she said I was "going too far with this guy" (whom she doesn't know), and that Ed stopped us. I hope Ed didn't see me doing anything too crude...

What do I remember?

I was admiring Brad Kingston's kitchen at one point. It was really sleek and the fridge and ovens were top-of-the-line. Very spacious too.

I remember drinking some gin, and then two shots of something called *Magic 78 Vodka*, which was 78% vol. alcohol, hence the name.

It's quite a blur after that. Lots of people and faces. The floor seemed to be a little out of alignment, like one of those optical illusions.

Someone said "Megan Fox." I don't know if it's the same person who said he wanted to take me to some spring break dance next month. Oh right, I *vaguely* remember seeing a bra on somebody's chest. A hulking jock looking kind of guy? Was he parading around in it? Hmm. It's likely to be mine

because I used my denim one there that evening, and I'm missing that from my collection.

Someone was dragging me out later. We were stepping over bottles and bodies. I think something crashed to the floor—a guitar hanging on the wall, or a painting or something.

We were holding hands. It was a new feeling: how nice and safe holding a hand could be. Right now, I'm thinking to myself why Bobby's hand never gave me the same warm feeling.

There was a very bright light. I was staring at one of the lights on the front porch—or wait, it was a car. This car came pulling in and flooded my eyes with the headlights.

Shortly after, I fell against someone's body. It was a lean, very comfortable body. I think it might have been Ed but I can't be sure.

It was akin to the feeling when I sometimes hug my fluffy pillow at night when I'm alone, and I'll pretend the pillow is my fantasy guy that knows everything about me and where to touch me and how, etc...

The earth was kind of spinning. Then I was in the dark, stretched out in Brad's garden. I was filled with a sense of exhilaration. There was something like a crowd cheering me on in the background. I was hallucinating that Ed was all over me! I saw his face once. It was a twin image. I said, "Ed, I'm so glad you're here!"

Did I say it twice? Once for each image that I saw of him?

I don't know. It felt like a fragment of a dream. I don't even know if I thought it or spoke it aloud, or whether I was dreaming or conscious.

What I *do* know is what happened afterward.

I must have passed out again. When I came to, I was at home, in my room. I was feeling woozy. My head hurt. I glanced at my Swatch wristwatch—it was 1.16am. Then I saw Ed's bare back.

I'd seen him around the house a few times like that. No chest hair. There's some below the naval.

He was in his shorts and arranging two coasters, with two tall glasses of ice water on the tabletop.

"Hey, Julie," he said, when he saw I was awake.

My body registered that I was raging with thirst. He handed me a glass of water, and steadied it because I nearly

dropped it. The water down my throat was like diving into a refreshing pool. The light was down rather low. I noticed I was still in the outfit I'd gone to Brad's in, sans the bra.

"Did Mom wake up?" I asked. Ed said, "Yeah, but I said I was going to have a bath and that you were asleep." He added that he went downwards, missing all the footsteps that creaked, and got the glasses of water.

"You got me home?" I said.

"Yeah."

"What happened?"

"Well, you had a little too much to drink."

I laughed and nearly fell onto him—held his arm as I sat back up again, as I tried to stay awake without the aid of toothpicks to keep my eyes open. "Did I do anything?"

"No, just walked over some people, and uhm...yeah."

"Uhm yeah" is my brother's way of indicating that something did happen, but he just didn't want to talk about it.

I pointed to his shoulder. "Are you getting that tattoo?" I asked. He'd been going on about an angel tattoo on his left shoulder blade for a few weeks.

"No."

"Oh. Why not?"

"Think I'll be clean. I mean I'm not too sure about it...uhm. Yeah."

"Thanks for getting me back," I said, and gave him a hug before I fell back onto the bed.

A few minutes later—could have been a few hours for all I knew, but my watch said 1.29am—I woke up, and Ed was sitting on the edge of the bed. I still had a bad headache, but was able to function. "Hey, you're still up," I said, sounding and looking half-drunk still, just to see what he'd say next.

I was curious. He had a look on his face like he was trying to read you, to see if he could ask you something. I wanted to know what it was.

"Yeah. Man, I'm just stoning." He stood up. "I'll go now. Good night."

I rolled over onto my stomach. "You *canstaiifyannnn*." It came out muffled and that was the point. What I meant was, "You can stay if you want."

"Hmm?"

I kept quiet.

“Julie...what did you say?” I felt his hand on my shoulder. To be more accurate, I think it was the upper side of two fingers. His touch was so gentle and light. I wish I could feel more of his touches. I wish I could...corrupt him.

“Stay a while?” I said. “Keep me some company. Rabbits! Bunnies! Look at all the bunnies hopping! Whee!”

I added that last bit hoping that my drunken act would suffice. Then I closed my eyes and pretended to sleep.

Whether my acting skills worked or not, he got under the covers beside me. I felt an electric wave going through my body from the head down to my feet. I wanted to turn around and face him, but I didn’t dare. This was the closest I’d been with Ed, in this horizontal position that is.

I was waiting for something. Waiting for him to make a move. He could have. I would have reciprocated.

In short, it’d go along this line: I was drunk, he took advantage of me, and we’d leave it at that, and never talk about it again.

At least I’d know what my own brother *really* felt like.

“How do you like to make love?”

“Do you like it rough?”

“Have girls given you handjobs or blowjobs before?”

“Will you let my tongue do a taste test on you?”

All the things I wanted to ask, but didn’t say...

I’d go down on him, no strings attached. Just to make him happy. For all the times he was there for me and stuff.

But like the good brother he is: Ed didn’t do a single thing.

My hormones were on overdrive, and all he did was peacefully lie there, keeping his hands to himself, beside his body. He was only there because I’d asked him to stay.

He fell asleep faster than I did. He was still as a photograph.

Ed looks so suave with his dark brown hair a little long and unkempt. Some strands were half covering his face.

I went as close as I could. “Ed,” I whispered. No answer, so I smelt him. So clean and fresh. He must have applied some moisturizer (I know that fragrance: St. Ives Mineral Therapy—that’d explain why my bottle is finishing faster than usual), and if I’m not wrong, he had spritzed on a little bit of some nice masculine perfume as well.

I didn't touch him. I didn't want to wake him from the slumber he was in. I was pleased just watching him.

It was great having a warm body there on my bed too, instead of just me and my pillow. Smelling him a second time made me want to take a bath because I probably needed it.

But all I wanted to do was drink some water and get some shut-eye.

"Goodnight, Ed," I whispered again. I love my brother so much.

Some people are just holier than others.

[Ed / 14 June 2007]

School is over. I've moved out. "What's the rush!" yeah everyone jokes and jostles but everyone would do the same if they were in my shoes. Try it I bet y'all would crumble to bits in weeks.

Throw some reason about wanting my independence and "discovering the real world" whatever that means and it's all good, those aren't totally false though but nobody knows what this is really all about:

Goodbye, my love.

Yesterday night, I was standing outside your door for the last time. Thinking of your breath. Thinking of my arm around your waist, and my heart shattering into a million pieces. That night, I came so close, more than once, and I just couldn't. You can never know.

Even if you did recognize me out on the garden at Kingston's which I doubt, even if you felt the same for me at a 0.001%-chance for even just a moment, even if you didn't want kids I know you say you don't, but what if you do one day best for females to have kids before they're 30 years old that's my opinion, but anyway so it nothing is ever going to happen, and I just whispered outside your door yesterday that I love you and that I've always loved you and I'll always be there for you please take care of yourself.

I'm sorry for being so terrible, it's inexcusable, for being turned on by the way you move and talk your undies why'd you have to go and buy such nice ones, can't you be like me with my boring cotton apparel, for thinking of you whenever I'm doing myself all these feelings I'm so sorry

I'm so sorry that I don't fight them back more coz I just know they're going to come back and haunt me anyway some day so it's best to just go with the flow.

I don't know how it's going to be without you around.

Will you think of me? Would you still ask me how I am?

Do you remember all the small things?

The stupid graphs I had to do for you for Math which got you an A for my work...

The times I fixed your laptop after some virus scare...

Giving me your last \$5 of the month so I could buy some lame ladmag coz Lindsay Lohan was on the cover...

When you insisted it was "Darth Vendor" instead of Darth VADER in Star Wars..."Spooageboob Squirklepants". You cunning linguist.

When I said I'd pierce your ears for you and you said okay. Thank God you went to a professional, oh yeah and when you talked me out of piercing my bottom right lip haha, thanks for saving me from mutilation and infection...

And you still have that crappy book of sketches I drew for you when you were like 8 coz you wanted some drawings of cartoon characters and I penciled a whole bunch...but you know things change and people change, and sometimes the things that are supposed to change don't, and the things that you don't want to change do, and where will I end up and you maybe you'll settle with a nice guy and get on with your life so that I can too, and finally believe that this is how it has to be:

goodbye.

[Julie : 15 June 2007]

Ed left yesterday.

I'm sad—the house is so quiet. The room is empty.

I keep thinking I'll still find him there. Under the bed, hidden in the closet, hidden beneath the window.

That was funny, the one time someone *was* at the window. My window. Ed's friend, Rafiz. He snuck in at around 2am, about two years ago. Rafiz's parents were fighting. He didn't know where else to go, and he didn't have

a cell phone. “Joo-lieeeee”...he was calling out, and tapping on the glass pane.

I don't know how the guy shuttled up the tree, in order to get there. Anyway, I woke Ed up. They played Tomb Raider on Ed's computer for a few hours. Rafiz went back at sunrise.

A lot of Ed's stuff is still there, but it's *him* that's missing, and that's a lot worse than if his room was totally stripped of his belongings. He left so quickly! Here today and gone tomorrow.

I would have liked to have spent more time with him. I guess I can still keep in touch with him online and all. But it's just not the same.

I didn't get to tell him that I'm dating this new guy, Kyle. He's a skater so he has a nice body. Looks so cute with a ski or skull cap too.

I'm into him, but I'm not sure if I want to sleep with him, or when. I haven't wanked him or anything either. I don't think about it much. Taking things slow. Furthest we've gone is kissing and some light petting.

Oh yeah, and the other day, Sandra said to me that “Ed is so hot.”

“I'd fix a date for you if he wasn't moving out,” I replied. But I lied right through my teeth. The fact is that I *would* mind, and that made me stop and think for a bit.

Is it wrong for your best friend to date your sibling? I guess it technically isn't, but things might get messy and all that. The thing is, I wasn't so concerned about that. I was more aware of the surge of jealousy that came up within me—to see Sandra going out with Ed, holding hands with him, feeling him, and tasting his lips and tongue...and maybe they'd be in the room next to mine...and I suddenly realize that I am more experienced sexually, than Ed.

Well, unless he's kept some stuff from me. But whenever I asked, I believe he was honest. He doesn't know I've had one partner, Bobby, and done some stuff with a few guys over the years. Why hasn't he ever asked? I always thought it was because he thought it wasn't appropriate. But if I asked him why didn't he ask me back? I would gladly have told him.

I guess he's one of those super stable people internally. The sort that has their own reasons for doing things. It's like

they have this internal navigational system and intuition that they trust totally.

I wish mine was stronger. I know that I have some intuition in me, but Lordy, sometimes I really don't know how I'm supposed to trust it, when it can tell me things like Bobby being my "one true love". Seeing how that ended, I wonder how I'm ever supposed to trust my internal guidance ever again.

Maybe it's something I'll learn over time.

I hope Ed is doing well. He's now in a bigger city that's five hours' drive away. Renting a one bedroom apartment, \$400 per month. He took a bus down. I think the ticket cost \$75.

He didn't seem as excited as I thought he'd be. Ed didn't tell me or anyone about it until the last minute. I think he just doesn't want us to worry too much.

When I asked, "What are you going to be working as?", he said he was "going to work in retail sales," and maybe be an "assistant swim coach."

I'd be THRILLED living in a new place. Maybe I'll do that myself. Maybe with Sandra if she's interested.

At least Ed knows what he wants. I haven't thought about what I want to do after I graduate from high school. Now would be a good time to start.

Last night, I was half-praying and half-mumbling to myself before I slept.

Dear God, I said. Please keep Ed safe. Please don't send any hot chicks his way. I know I didn't say anything, and I don't mean to be selfish, I just can't bear the thought of some random slut woman opening her legs for being with him, and I don't even know what is it I feel for him.

Is this normal sisterly love? Is it wrong to want to be with my brother? Can I help it if I'll miss him so bad after we've been living together since I was born?

I'm not saying I want anything to happen, I'm just saying that I don't know what I really want, and what he really wants, and whether I know what it is I'm even talking about, and if you're there and listening to me, God, then please help guide me and Ed in our own lives. Maybe one day, something will happen and we can see where to go from there.

I should have added into that prayer: *And God, please help me in defining what this “something will happen” is, even if it’s just to me, so that I have more clarity as to what’s going on in my own mind and heart and body. If you know what I’m talking about, please enlighten me. Because I sure don’t.*

PS: When I die, the first question I’m going to ask you, is why you have to make life so confusing. Honestly. Dang.

[Ed / 22 Dec 2007]

i feel like i have just been brought to life first julie was at the doorway with the light pouring in, it made her reddish-brown hair look like it was dusted with gold, and then the pleasant smell of her hair, something like strawberry, and then my knees are on the floor and i’m seeing stars, and it doesn’t end there, and i thought we’d...i thought i’d crushed it out of my life for good...*what’s she gonna say and that douchebag Bobby I swear I’m gonna beat him in with a baseball bat if I ever see him near Julie again Julie maybe she regrets it and would rather not know about it and we’ll never speak of it coz it didn’t happen...*prior to this it was like a part of me was dead forever...how do you refuse a relative or family when...she’s sleeping now...i feel undeserving of her...*of you, Julie...*do you know? it’s like my past present and future all merge into this mist of a mirage, and the only constant thing is **she**...i don’t know what you’re looking for...*but I know what I want...and it’s right here I want to be with you for the rest of my life...*people say it’s young love and some will even say that this cannot be love but Love is Love is Love. i want to protect you, be by your side...*we already have the same last name...*what difference would it make to people who don’t know us.

we can start a new life somewhere, be escape artists away from friends and family that know us. it’d be the greatest secret and most beautiful lie that we could live life. i don’t want any other woman *I’ll be 20 years old in a few months* and i don’t know why i’m thinking all this *i guess the bottom line is why would you look for someone you don’t know to get to know, when there’s already someone that you do know and that you’ve been close to for so long?*...how can

society be right and have the right to say what is right when the majority of them have never and **will never even know** what it is to be in this position...breathing the same air for so long *do you know going away was like leaving a whole chunk of me behind, like departing into a life of ruin* but why did you have to come i was doing so well forgetting all the things you used to do

*but the one thing i couldn't get out of my head
was the way you said
"ed"*

*that night at kingston's, not quite so much that you
didn't really say or do much but because i knew i could
have done anything to you and you wouldn't have fought it
and i don't understand why but that is
exactly what made me realize not to do anything, and
what's going to happen now oh what does how did
tonight happen,
i just, i just...*

[Julie : 22 Dec 2007]

I decided to pay Ed a visit. I asked if I could stay over for a couple of days and he said okay.

I took the 5-hour bus ride, then got into a cab from the bus station. I didn't want to trouble him to pick me up. We'd head back to our place for Christmas, and after that he'd return to his apartment.

"You're so skinny!" I said, when Ed opened the door. He was in the red Juicy Couture T-shirt I gave him for his 18th birthday, and shorts. His face and waist seemed slimmer than before, but he looked happy. He grinned and gave me a quick hug and picked up my bag of stuff, and told me to make myself comfortable.

"Tea or chocolate?"

"Chocolate."

The place was, well, messy. But so cozy. Large windows and a glass pane front door let in natural sunlight. It gives the apartment an inviting warmth.

"You can sleep on my bed, I'll sleep on the couch. I tidied up that room but not much else."

“Don’t worry about it,” I said. It was his house after all. “I’ll only be here a short while.”

“You’re the guest—you get the best. I put your stuff in my room.”

I drank the Hershey’s chocolate mix. I figured I’d just carry my bag out later and not budge from the couch. I really didn’t mind. I could fall asleep on the floor too.

It was around dinnertime. Ed said he could fix us something to eat, he just had to reply an e-mail first. I said okay. I’d occupy myself by checking out how well stocked-up his fridge was.

In the kitchen, I was reading the labels of some jars that were on the counter (apparently, one serving of 1/2 a cup of pineapple pieces contains 100% Vitamin C).

I didn’t hear Ed come in. I jumped when he gave me a playful hug from behind. He said, “Whatcha looking at.”

I turned around, and we stood face to face. We were just blinking, and looking at each other’s faces...and...dear God...I don’t know what came over me...it’s like I was blind all along with Bobby and Kyle and whoever else...and I don’t know whether it’s more a case that it felt so right, or that it didn’t feel so wrong...

I mean, this was my *brother*, who got me home drunk from a party once...that I’d had so many late nights with for homework...and many, many discussions about girls, guys, love, life, and everything in between. This was the guy who smashed his ankle in during a soccer match, an event that kept me crying all night, because I was thinking of how painful it must be. The guy who nearly ran away at age 14 and made me worried sick to death, so much so that he came back. The guy I played Lego building blocks with until we both grew out of it. The guy I always tested my newest baking recipes on, who always knew when to back off when I really needed to be alone, who wouldn’t take advantage of me in any situation...and in spite of all this...or maybe *due* to all this...

I KISSED ED.

It was like time stood still for a zillion moments too long.

“Oh my god.” I started to babble. I had to save myself, do something. “I’m so sorry, Ed—I’ve just missed you for so long, I mean I didn’t even know until you left and...”

He was very quiet. I continued, “I...uh...well...”

I had absent-mindedly been fiddling around with the back of his T-shirt. This time, I let go and wriggled myself away from him. "I must be high or something (though I knew I wasn't). Sorry."

I turned to go into the living room.

He took a step, came up close, and hugged me from behind again. Not so playfully this time. And kissed me on the side of my neck.

We looked at each other, and our lips met, as we shared a soft, light kiss. It was so cool.

It was just one kiss, but it was made up of so many things: Curiosity. Care. Kindness. Sympathy.

We kissed again. I sensed his...fear?...along with the heady rush of this actually happening. I let him know with my kiss that I felt the same, but that it was alright, that this wasn't planned, and I still loved him...and that maybe I would in a more special way than before.

"Am I better than Bobby," Ed whispered.

There was a tinge of...exquisite, sadness?...in his tone. Anyway, right then, Bobby (the Idiot) was seriously the furthest thing away from my mind.

I said to Ed, "I've already forgotten his name..."

Then we led each other into the delightfulness of a long, sensuous, passionate kiss. It is a total art form. It was new, it was everything. We seemed to know exactly how and what we liked, our comfort level, and that whatever we were doing was a pure, decadent enjoyment we weren't going to deny ourselves of.

Ed was clutching my lower back under my top. His hands would slowly increase the pressure, and then become light-touched all over again. It was so sincere, and sexy, and *simple*.

"Julie..." He sounded so far away, though we were closer than ever.

I uttered his name too. Then our kisses got a little bit rougher. We started making some love/sex sounds...and then we were on the floor. I took my shirt and jeans off.

Ed had taken off his shirt too and was now leaning over me. I felt the warmth of his breath on my skin...and the warmth from his body. They were a nice contrast from the cool tiles of the kitchen floor on my back.

I unhooked the bra. He pulled it right off and flung it to the side. He was like an untamed wolf. He made me cry with pleasure.

Ed's arms were straight out, supporting his weight. I think he was worried about crushing me. I would have welcomed his tight body fully pressing against mine.

"Shall we go to my room?" Ed said.

I muttered "mmm" in agreement. I couldn't help but ask, "Has anyone been there before?..."

"No. I've been by myself."

Part of me felt relieved and overjoyed to hear that. Part of me felt bad because I didn't want to keep my brother from seeing whoever, and doing what he wanted.

Before I could debate with myself further, I was in his arms, as he carried me off to the bedroom. I'm not that heavy, but he didn't struggle with lifting me at all. Ed's stronger than he looks.

The evening light was shining through the blinds. His arms felt so lovely on the underside of my thighs. Ed stepped over the carpet, some papers and files on the floor, and then I was on his bed.

It was soft like the one he had at home all these years. He pulled out something from a drawer...and then he lay over me on the bed, a little closer than we were on the kitchen floor.

"How many guys you been with?" Ed asked (finally!). "Like...sexually..."

"Mainly one..." I answered. "I'm seeing a new guy. But it's not serious."

"Oh...so, the one...Bobby?"

I nodded. "Do you hate me for it?"

"No...but I mean...it's just a bit depressing..."

"What is?"

"That I'm uhm, less experienced than you...but it was your choice..."

He certainly knew what he was doing, for an "inexperienced" person. Ed licked one of my nipples. They were getting hard again, but the rest of my body felt as soft as the bed I was on. He also nibbled on my shoulder.

"Well it's okay," I said, "to wait for the right person."

I think I smelt his pheromones. Just a whiff of his...sweat. It was a huge turn-on. He was moving further down. *Oh,*

when his hands were on my stomach...I tilted my hips up at him slightly...then brought them back down and squirmed about on the sheets.

He gently pulled my undies down. I realized we had never seen each other completely nude before. He pulled his own shorts down. He was hard.

Very hard.

I was going to move forward and twirl my tongue around, but he had begun stroking himself over my body, and shot over my chest.

Ed removed his shorts, got on the bed again. But he seemed more...nervous, and not quite sure what to do next. I didn't either but since we were still there, and not paralyzed with horror and bewilderment at each other...

I swiped a finger over my chest. He tasted a little sweet. Ed doesn't drink often and doesn't smoke. He likes plain water too. So I guess eating the right things and being healthy has its perks.

Ed was frozen, but not for long more. He decided he wanted the same thing from me too. Oh! My secret fantasy! Would he say the same thing as Bobby?

He was looking at and/or studying my...anatomy. Then I had a moment of hesitation. I didn't want to *make* him go down on me.

"You don't have to..." I said.

Just in case. I'd hate to make him feel obliged to do it. I'd feel so useless and desperate. Demanding even.

Ed leaned in. "Let me, I want to," he said. His hands were on my inner thighs. I really liked them there. "Has anyone gone down on you before?"

"Have you practiced on someone?" I said. I didn't feel like talking about it. My resistance wasn't of much use though.

"No...I just read a lot. I've a love for learning."

Wisecrack.

Ed repeated his question. "So...has anyone gone down on you?"

"Yeah...once."

"Ratface Bobby?"

"Yeah."

"Did he enjoy it?"

"Well...uh..."

"What did he say to you?"

I sighed. "He said I took too long to come...I think he was just tired."

Ed was quiet again. Why were we talking about this?

His tongue went in a steady rhythm. I felt like an animal, and animals don't know sin, do they?

"Do you want me to punch his brains out for you?"

Even with a threat, Ed's voice was syrupy. That was the one word I thought/felt about his voice: syrupy. His voice had pleasing effects. "I'd do it...if you wanted me to...I'd do it in a heartbeat...give him facial scars for life...wouldn't even take too much work..."

"No, it's alright!" I exclaimed. I wasn't even on talking terms with Bobby these days, and he was pretty much out of my life. "Ed...he doesn't bother me anymore. It's okay. I'm just gonna...keep moving forward."

Forward to what? Crashing into this unknown territory WITH MY BRO?!

"Okay," Ed said. "But he's a jackass...I'll not stop even if it takes all night."

I was already wet but I suddenly recalled in great detail, the time I was in Bobby's basement, thinking to myself: *Ed wouldn't be the same.*

AND HUZZAH! I WAS RIGHT!

He ate me out for a bit, and I wanted it to go on forever...but at the same time I felt just about ready to explode. I told him so, and he got off the bed, slipped on a rubber. I guess that must have been what he'd taken out from the drawer earlier.

He came back and we slowly began to feel each other from the inside...it was the sweetest most *amazing* feeling...him in my warmth...his arms were at my side lifting his body off and we started to rock a little faster and rougher...and then I opened my eyes and just looked at him. I was feeling him with my entirety. Our eyes were locked together and we were making sounds I've never heard before, I wouldn't be surprised if it's illegal to make such noises, and there was the sheer utter madness of *wanting*, then he was all over my neck, lips and anywhere that his tongue could reach, and I gripped my hands tightly around each of his arms, my head was off the pillow, I slammed it back down screaming like a banshee, "ED!!"

The heady rush of him and me was the only language I knew then. He was so deep in me and he just went at it harder and he went “oh *my GOD*, Julie,” once, or twice...or more...anyway very soon we were both coming together!...and then as our massive hell of an orgasm began to subside—“waves crashing in” would be a lame cliché but that’s what it felt like!—we both collapsed side by side...me on my back and Ed lying on his front...I felt like I was dying in utmost relaxation, yet soaring over the clouds in the skies at the same time.

I was so entirely content. It was like I was still feeling him flow through my entire brain and bloodstream and spirit...I was still catching my breath, and I thought to myself that he was sleeping or taking a literal forty winks...and...I started to think...all the thoughts started creeping up in my mind—did he like it?...what about now?...and HOW were we going to hide this during Christmas, meeting friends and family...and beyond that? Would there even be a “beyond”? What should we do?

I moved closer, my body up against Ed’s...and his natural scent, Good God it drove me wild...the mere *thought* of the memory of it does...it must have been the hot sweaty pheromones...

I tried not to worry: if Ed would be appalled and disgusted with me when he woke up, if it was I that “seduced my brother”, if we were going to keep this a sinister secret, if people got upset if they knew, if there was anyone else in the whole world that had experienced this, if there was anything that Ed had done that came close to this, if what we did was depraved, if there was something wrong about us...

I hugged him with one arm, touching and caressing his body. I whispered over his neck...“Ed, Ed...”...and he grunted a muted “uh” in reply...he wouldn’t look at me. His eyes were shut, so I gave him a few kisses over the spot that I’d whispered his name...I guess he was still konked out...then his hand came up to meet mine, which was over his right shoulder...he gently held my fingertips...it’s nice how a small gesture can mean so much...we held hands for a long time...it was wicked lovely, the whole thing, from his first hug down to my last kiss...and it was so calming...together with Ed in the afterglow...me on him...skin on skin.

[Ed / 24 Dec 2007]

Past two days, I have had the privilege, the unknown to all of mankind privilege of losing and finding myself in Julie...of waking up beside her...of waking up to dreaming reality in her eyes.

That night...we were talking and making love until 6 in the morning...we were willing, open, honest...and tomorrow, when we have to meet people we care about and who care about us, we've agreed to put whatever acting skills we have to good use...because the world will not understand...she and I will just pretend that everything is normal, that nothing happened...that all we are...are bro and sis.

And I was just thinking. I was thinking yesterday when I came home from work, and we ended up in my bed again like the first night. We're not a couple of horndogs who just wanna get busy, it's more than that, I don't have the words. Even if you spilled open the whole dictionary and placed all of it into a microchip in my head...what are words when there's Julie, lost in a world of her own, lost in a world that isn't shut out to you? To be embraced by her sweetness, and kind lovingness...her brightness, intelligence...and her breath-taking, flawless body...bliss thrashing about in the look on her face. Her mouth open in that perfect shape, right before you. Her hair falling over you, each and every one of her rapid breaths telling you to wrap her in closer...

And today, again, I was envisioning seeking some further shores...beyond the dog-eat-dog, polluted, dreary mundanity of city living...and I don't know about the countryside, but I want to go some place...*exotic*, some place that makes me feel *alive*. Where there's culture, beauty. Something that will reach my soul. I know that itch, that urge, that call to see the world, explore everything, and take her with me by the hand because she makes me want to be my best...I want to live life with her...

I don't know about signs/synchronicity/fate and all...but 2 hours ago I get an e-mail from Ruffy...the fella with the monkey limbs...who's telling me to check this thing out coz I could travel at the same time and *will this work will this work* if the opportunity shows itself...one should always, always take it before it's too late...Rafiz says he'll buy a fake

degree if he needs to, coz he wants to travel and do this too and he just doesn't have the funds to get this piece of paper and even doctors and lawyers cheat on their exams seriously what is Education nowadays *life is so short, I'm so tempted to do this.*

One thing is that as we Julie and I were talking today...we talked about that night and admitted that we both enjoyed it and "in theory" it's blabbity bleh oh so wrong for us to sleep in the same bed together.

But we both love each other, more than ever before, in a way I never thought was possible. In a way I never *in my wildest dreams* would have believed I'd know...but if this is true...jesus hella christ I can and will do

ANYTHING.

[Julie : 8 June 2008]

So far, so good. Everything is still under the radar.

I think Ed's one of those people who'd easily beat a lie detector test. On Christmas day, before we left his apartment, he told me not to worry about us being found out, that he'd "throw everyone off track." I said okay, but I didn't realize how convincing he'd be.

There he was telling everybody (who asked) how he's "going out with a girl he met online" and how they "have a lot in common"...and when asked what her name was, he said, "Bella," and this mystery girl was "studying to be a nurse." I had to ask him when we had a moment alone, to double-check whether it was true.

"Of course not," he said. "It's all made up...I told you about it. Didn't I?"

"Uhm, throwing people...off guard?"

"Yeah. And, Julie..." he whispered into my ear. "We were watching the same TV screen. I got all the info from there. Even the name."

"What were we watching? When?"

"CSI. Before dinner."

I still think he could have prepared me a little better. And yes we had been watching TV for a few minutes, before I left to do something else. I wasn't even aware, that I wasn't

aware of what show was on. All I remember was Ed's unhurried, but deliberate hand going onto my thigh, when he saw that no one was around. I really had to move out of there immediately. We smooched in his room later, but didn't dare risk trying anything else.

Fast-forward a few months. I'm a high school graduate.

I'm at Ed's place now. I'm spending two weeks here. I catch up on reading for leisure (not for studies) during the day, when he isn't in.

I'm glad to be out of school...and at the same time, I'm at an absolute loss as to what to do...I mean, do I know what I want to do or be?

I figure I'll get some crummy job and start saving up...so that if/when I do want to do something, I have the means to do so. A little bit, at least.

So we talk about all this at night, lying side by side on his bed.

Ed says a friend told him about teaching English overseas, with this program. It's so mad, and seems to be a cool idea. But he says he won't go if I want him to stay.

"Good Lord," I say. "Just go for it."

"Would you come along?" Ed asks.

"I'd love to, if I could...have you checked it out?"

"I will be...I'd like to see how it feels out in the world...but I don't know how you feel about it."

"Well...I don't want to hold you back, just because I'd rather you be closer to home."

I'd be lying if I say I have no reservations. But I think it's selfish if I put myself first. My brother has been talking about this since he knew what an airplane was, so it means a lot to him.

"We'll figure something out," Ed says. Assuredly.

Ed's like so...brave. He just goes for what he wants. I really admire the way he throws himself into his endeavors whole-heartedly. I guess that way you really experience what life has to offer, clichéd as it sounds.

Deep down I know what I want...but I'm just not sure. It's not just the fact about hiding it from everybody...I just...don't want to destroy what we have? I mean, this is worse than deep sea diving over a cliff with no life-jacket, and you can see the sharp rocks jutting out, and you're trying and trying to dodge them...

Our feelings are more than just brother and sister, or good friends. It's evolved into something deeper...how do you explain or describe this...and what if...I mean I can't guarantee anything, but in a worst case scenario, what if it just falls apart along the way?!

But it seems to be going along good...and I realize that if someone asks, "How do you know this is love?"...I don't know *how* to answer...I just know that it is.

Everyone has an opinion...but how do you define a belief. People make statements without bothering to comprehend...all I know is that Ed and I are two people who are able and willing...to tune into each other's complexities...this is stimulating in so many ways that I just can't express...and real love, real *love*. If this is what it is...how can we be wrong?

[Ed / 25 June 2008]

Rafiz, he's The Man. Oh man he was online and Julie was on too. Ruffy and I were chatting about the TEFL thing, and Julie and I were chatting about how lost we are, I mean we're still there for each other but we're both really so confused and don't really know what to do *but I still love it/her/Julie/life/everything*. Ruffy asked about Julie, so I told her he said hi, and she asks if Ruffy can be trusted and I say "yeah I think so," and she says "is it ok if he knows about us? just for somebody's opinion/perspective on this," and after a while I say ok, and so he's the **only** other soul that knows about us, and **sworn** to the grave to secrecy.

I started with "hey Julie came over to my place for a couple of weeks," and Ruffy said "that's cool," then he asked if we liked staying together. I said "yes very much."

And then I got straight to the point and said "we're in love, what do we do." I added "if you don't understand, it's ok...just keep it to yourself."

At first he said "just do what lovers do." I said "uhm I'm talking about Julie and myself...as in we kind of like each other, that way," and Rafiz said "what? how involved are you"...and I said "like...uhm...it involves a bed. yeah."

He typed: "OMFG" and

"I just fell off the chair!!" and

“THAT’S SOOOOOO HOT!!! I support you 100%, love is love...”

And I said to knock it off coz the caps and exclamation points are getting scary, and Rafiz says “no problem” and that if anyone asks him about us, he’ll say he’s not in contact with us anymore. Ignorance=Bliss.

He said “if you feel this is what you want, go for it!” and “ok, focus. yes, this conversation never took place...”

And so I said what do we do, because I wanna go for this teaching/traveling thing, but you’ve gotta be 21 so Julie has to wait for a bit if she’s gonna do it too, and he says “excellent, this is so cool.”

He says no matter what we decide to do, he thinks it’s best to keep it quiet from people we know here (besides him), and have fun for now.

Then he goes on about going for a trip far away and having a date, and how over there we could “go to a nice restaurant and hold each other’s hands in public,” maybe wait till there are “some people around, and you could lean across the table and kiss,” and I say “do you have a secret sister that I don’t know about?” and he says no but that he’s “sooo jealous” that I do, HA-HA-HA...he also says that “this is no one else’s business,” and not to listen to judgmental people, who are the ones that hate and start wars.

Dammit, he should run for President.

So I guess I’m gonna sign up for the thing...one more month’s savings should be enough...see how it works out...everything looks like it’s somehow falling into place?...and if by some miracle all does go well...I’ll be in some country, I dunno where, with freedom *ah, brilliant freedom* and flexibility...

Only intensely, painfully, agonizingly, waiting upon the stars and moon and all the universe, for one last thing:

Julie.

[Julie : 18 July 2009]

One year ago, Ed and I embarked on the most incredulous, insane plan anyone could ever have conceived. We are completely indebted to Rafiz. He knows about us, and he is so cool and supportive. At present, he’s rising up

the ranks in Starbucks. He started off as a barista and is now assistant store manager.

I worked, Ed worked, we begged, borrowed, owed, paid up, opened PayPal accounts, transferred cash—and came up with the \$1500 course fees. Ed found a teaching center in the city, where they were having a one month intensive course in Teaching English as a Foreign Language. Ed signed up for one of the courses they were having in August.

When he had the cert, he first volunteered four times a week, as a Teaching Assistant for an EFL Class. Three months later, the professional instructor he was working with got him a referral for a teaching post in Bangkok, Thailand.

I got a job as an admin assistant filing customers' accounts. The pay was \$7 an hour. I scrimped and saved as much as I could.

I knew what I wanted...but spent the time thinking it through, until I was sure about my decision: I wanted to be with Ed.

So I followed in my brother's footsteps, and did the exact same thing. I signed up for a course that started smack on 3rd April this year, on my birthday. After that, I sent a blizzard of twenty-seven resumes out, and went for interviews over the next three weeks.

I was determined to ace each interview. I projected an outgoing personality, intelligence, confidence, professional competence, anything that would make a good impression. One call answered my prayers.

After a *further* agonizing six weeks, in which the school that hired me paid for and handled the paperwork required for the Work Permit and Teacher's License, (while I applied for a Non-Immigrant B Visa), and I packed and re-packed, and said my farewells to the people that matter—I got to Thailand in one piece.

I thought of all sorts of disasters throughout the flight. But shortly after the plane touched down...I was back in my brother's strong, loving arms.

The time we spend with each other is simply: magical.

Not to forget the fun in staying here too. The students that are keen to learn, the hospitality of the locals, the fantastic food, the breathtaking environment, the ancient

culture...every other sight and sound that pervades the senses.

Ed and I are taking things one step at a time. For now, this is splendid.

If something comes up, we'll deal with it. Like Ed's extension of his visa to a 1-year visa (a process that involves a *ton* of work more than it sounds). I'll do the same before my first one expires.

This weekend, we've taken a four-hour train ride out to Hua Hin. It's a quiet, laidback Thai beach resort. After plenty of late night, and/or all night sessions...it sure is nice to lounge around at the poolside.

A petite waitress brings our cocktails over. Her nametag says 'Chirawan'. I ask her what her name means.

"Eternal beauty," she replies. Dang, that's so cool.

She asks us if we are enjoying our stay, and what our names are. We reply that we love her home country, and are living it up here. And just for the heck of it, we introduce ourselves as Mr. and Mrs. Drake.

"You look like such a happy couple." Chirawan has the most genuine smile ever. Looking at Ed, she says, "At first, I thought you were her brother. You look alike!"

"Yeah," Ed says. Smiling, he takes my hand. "I know...we hear that a lot."

#



[2] SWISS MISS

Summary: Listless Andy Acklin underestimates the hold his younger sister has over him, who's blossomed into a full fledged hottie.

** This story is more factual than fictitious.*

Swiss Miss

Chapter 1

"Welcome to Changi Airport," went the train's cool, metallic voiceover.

Andy Acklin had been watching the couple sitting across his seat, who'd turned their trip on the train into a 20 minute make-out session, much to some of their fellow commuters' annoyance. Andy had seen the man's hand going up the woman's micro mini skirt at one point.

From the moment Andy had boarded, the woman had been sitting on the lap of the man, who was touching and stroking her skin all over. The man even serenaded her at one point, while gently kissing/sucking on one of the lobes of her ears.

He knew they were a couple from mainland China, from the way they spoke Mandarin with a thick accent. The couple treated everyone else as if they were invisible.

A few disgusted commuters rolled their eyes at the couple. Others, too caught up in their own PDAs, didn't even notice. A lanky girl shifted her body slightly towards the oblivious couple, holding her cell phone up. Perhaps she wanted some proof of evidence of the "public display of affection" she'd witnessed, when gossiping about it to her friends later.

Since it was hard to ignore their behavior, Andy didn't fight any resistance, and watched the free show. He caught a sneak peek of the woman's hot pink, lacy underwear. He thought she'd moaned a few times, rocking her pelvis. Or was that the movement from the train carriage?

Andy straightened his shirt collar once the couple stood up, and prepared to get off the MRT train, tuning out the voiceover which reminded passengers to "mind their step,"

before the doors finally opened, after the fast train had come to a stop.

He knew the little jingle that had been playing to commuters, who were waiting at the station's platform outside.

"Train is coming, train is coming! Please start queuing, and love your ride! Ding Dong!"

It was a new song played when the trains came in at each MRT station. Andy had always thought it sounded a little pornographic. He wondered if that would happen in Europe—blasting a fairly childish-sounding and annoying jingle to travelers—because the people in charge would be more concerned with the quality of the transport service itself. The train stations here featured all sorts of "lifestyle"-related material: *Buy This! Buy That! Buy This Tomorrow! And Buy This Next Week!* 90% of the overhead banners and posters in the train system displayed advertisements and junk, displaying useful/clear information perhaps 10% of the time.

Andy gave his reflection in the darkened train window a quick look-over, before alighting. It was the first time his sister was flying in from Switzerland to visit him in Singapore. The two countries were 6,000 miles / 10,000 kilometers apart.

He thought back, over the past year or so that he had been stationed in this city-state. He wondered if Christina would be any different as an 18-year-old. It was just a year older than 17.

It seemed so long ago, since he had been 18, though technically, he hadn't even hit his mid-twenties yet. He still had a year to go, before he turned 25.

He'd gotten a good job, straight out of university. Singapore was a small but economically powerful country that welcomed foreigners with open arms, and Andy thought he'd enjoy living in a different place for a while. He loved the sweltering heat, humidity, and the vibrant nightlife scene.

Just got here, he text-messed Christina, who had just celebrated her birthday two weeks ago. She was coming over to stay for three weeks, before meeting a pen-pal from Malaysia, and traveling around Asia for a few months thereafter.

When he'd first gotten here, he'd been a little self-conscious of his height. He towered over many of the locals. But he now enjoyed the advantages of being tall. He surveyed the scene, looking at all the young couples swarming the train station at the hour, 9 p.m. He wondered how many of them were going at it like rabbits behind the privacy of closed doors. *Or maybe in broad daylight?*

A couple walked by, the doe-eyed girl gazing up into the boyfriend's eyes, one hand around his arm. They had the same nose, eyes, and smile. *Coincidence?* They could pass off as relatives. *First cousins. Maybe even siblings.*

He winked back at one of the locals who smiled at him first, a well-dressed, polished woman, with thick glossy hair. She was in her early twenties, maybe about Christina's age, or slightly older. He might have turned around to chat her up, if he wasn't on the way to meet Christina right now, which arguably was of a higher priority.

Andy had had a few girlfriends and some casual flings, since he'd obtained his employment visa. Nothing serious: all in the name of fun. He'd fling away with strangers. Sometimes he'd luck out, and gain some friends along the way.

The girls he met could be so bendable. Some were enterprising as well. One of them sold her underwear online to earn extra money. She stated on her website that she wore the pieces for "a minimum of 12 hours." The first set of items sold out on the first day.

The age of consent for sexual activity in Singapore was 16. He'd stand up and flip the young girls around, grabbing onto their slender calves and lovely ankles while they sucked him off hard and fast. Some of them would arrive in their plaid pleated skirt school uniforms, since uniforms were mandatory in the public schools. The girls often had more to teach him, than the other way around.

He'd had a threesome, once, with a Japanese-Italian girl and her black friend.

Itadakimasu! he always remembered. The Japanese girl had uttered that, silk panties around one of her ankles, before she pulled his boxers down and whipped out his cock for a good blowjob.

“Itaga...” he’d originally heard. Later, when the three of them were resting in a heap on the floor, he asked her what she’d said.

“It means, ‘let’s eat,’” the black girl replied. “You gotta watch more anime.”

The Japanese girl went a little bit further, explaining that meals in Japan traditionally began with the phrase *itadakimasu*—which literally meant, “I humbly receive.”

“Like *bon appétit!*” the black girl added, shooting Andy a pouty air kiss.

They were so similar to Christina, in terms of manners, mannerisms, and even the genuine way in which they smiled. Before getting worked up for another round where he was sandwiched between the girls, he remembered keeping his mind on plain, unsexy things—paperwork, the new furniture he’d bought, the show he was missing on TV—in order to divert his mind’s attention away from Christina Acklin.

He let his guard down just once during that hook-up. He’d started to think of Christina’s long legs lovingly wrapped around him, gazing up at him with sultry siren eyes. She could still do splits during her mid-teens—he’d get her to show him how low she could still go—and massage her strong, hardworking calve muscles.

But he stopped himself, and re-focused. He wasn’t one to think of his sister, that way.

Not that it was wrong. He was just above the more animalistically-driven members of a functioning society. Besides, what could he have done? She was thousands of miles away.

But that was then.

I’m here! Christina messaged about three minutes ago.

And this was now. She’d already collected her bags—she was traveling light anyway.

I’m in a boring, blue and white shirt, carrying a dark gray laptop bag, he’d messaged back. He hadn’t changed that much in looks, since they’d last seen each other. He hadn’t had the time to check up on his family’s and Swiss friend’s Facebook profiles since his workload started to get heavier about 6 months ago.

He wondered if beautiful Christina had a boyfriend by now. As in, a steady one.

Andy had always taken great pride in his sister's chaste ways, even though no one in the family had forced her to be that way. Her sense of style had been positively matronly—dressed up in dowdy attire throughout high school. Long-sleeved tops and long-sleeved skirts, all the time, all the skin coverage in the world and zero draping—some called it prudish, some called it demure—but Christina survived, and had just begun to blossom during her last upper secondary school year. Some of the more popular girls in her cohort were already fast on their way to becoming train wrecks. They made girls like Lindsay Lohan look like saints.

Many of the locals Andy knew could be pretty horny and liberal, under the guise of sanitary obedience, and subscription to the notion of working round-the-clock all days of the week. Maybe some of them snapped after a while—there seemed to be quite a few whacked-out people walking around these days. More and more incidents were being reported in the local news/media outlets of individuals casually strolling into restaurants and other public places, totally in the nude. Maybe the weather was just getting too hot at close to 30°C/86°F, all year round.

The locals always treated him well, for some reason. He wondered if it had something to do with his neat, clean cut appearance, which enhanced his Nordic whiteness, blond hair, and clear sky-blue eyes.

He'd reached the end of one side of the station by now.

Still no sign of Christina A.—she was probably dazed and jet laggy, and hadn't seen him.

He turned back, looking more carefully at the big map in the center of the walkway that she said she was waiting at. All he saw were throngs of families, couples, families, and more couples.

Is it so wrong to be a single person? He prided himself on it. He didn't need to rely on anyone for anything. He didn't think of "single" as being a "status," but as a word that described a person who was strong enough to live and enjoy life, without depending on others.

He spotted a fantabulous set of gams first—long, lean, toned, tremendous legs that looked like they never skipped a day's workout at the gym. A chic, black leather trolley bag accompanied the fabulous pair of sleek legs. When he realized who it was, he felt the pulse of his red blood fired up

and coursing through his body, just like when he'd first set his eyes on the girls he'd met for the threesome, and all the other individuals he'd hooked up with for all his various sexcapades.

She was in a sassy, thin-strapped honeysuckle dress, which stopped just above the knees, and she had a glossy sheen over her lips, with a hint of pink on her cheeks. She was like the glorious Greek goddess Aphrodite herself, who had just arrived to be received by his kind and loving, open arms.

This was the first time he'd ever felt this way about his little sister, Christina. Yes, he'd thought she was good-looking, yes, he'd thought she was a good person, but—

"It's so good to see you!" She gave him a hug, and he hugged her back, keeping himself still when some of her light blonde hair brushed against his hand. It took all his willpower not to grab her right there, and start making out with her. She had a raw, natural, heavenly scent, which matched what he was in the mood for.

And she was all he saw right now.

"Lookin' good," Andy croaked, throat dry and tight, as they walked towards the escalator. He could hardly see straight, and gripped the hand rail of the escalator, so he wouldn't keel over and get a slipped disk from falling flat on his back. His jaw was clenched—he thrust a hand into his pocket, to hold back from shoving his tongue down Christina's throat. He couldn't look at her. The images in his mind weren't going away. Images of her legs, wrapped around his waist, wrapped around his neck, as he got drunk from burying his tongue in her.

But why in heaven's name did he want to?

He could get anyone he wanted. He was working in the tourism and resort industry, for fuck's sake. He had so many contacts. It'd be just a phone call and/or a text message away, for a booty call! He'd just thought to himself that he enjoyed being single. What more was he itching for?

"You too," Christina said sweetly, looking him up and down. "I'm of legal age to drink here," she continued. "18's the minimum, right?"

His crotch was on fire. "Yes, that's right."

Christina was just checking with him. She was already drinking beer and wine from the age of 16, which was legal to

do in Switzerland. But she still had yet to get hungover. She drank because she enjoyed savoring the taste of wine, not because she wanted to black out or run away from her inner demons.

18, he said to himself. *Little Chrissy's no longer a kid! And we're not so little anymore...*

Andy and Christina walked out to the taxi stand, Andy feeling they were going down the pavement like young lovers on an adventure together.

One of the cab drivers greeted them, and took Christina's bag, as the siblings got into the cab. The driver was polite and well-dressed, like a business professional.

Andy smiled at Chrissy as she got in, licking his lower lip when he saw a flash of her thigh, as she lifted her leg to climb into the cab. Her thighs were lean and toned as her calves. What was she doing? Preparing for a marathon? He'd always known Christina was a tall girl, but was this what the dowdy clothes had always hidden?

Andy gazed out of the cab, with a glazed look, at the night sky, and the small colored lights that dotted the sides of the asphalt road. He kept on hearing the story a tattooed cab driver with a gruff voice had shared with him, late in the evening, just a few weeks back:

"Weekends are always the worst—I had a girl puke on the carpet, because she was drunk—I made her pay \$40 for the servicing!"

Andy had glanced down at the carpet right away.

"Another time," the driver chattered on, "I had a middle-aged man tell me to drive out to this *ulu* (the local slang for "remote," Andy remembered) spot at 2 a.m., before he took out a knife, and demanded for all my cash—which I gave to him—*ah*, and I had a couple having oral sex the other day—the Malay girl was so young—and the guy was *so noisy!*"

And it was just because Andy had happened to ask the mysterious-looking driver how his day had been. Andy had shifted a little uncomfortably on his seat—*God knows what else I'm sitting on*, he'd thought (he liked clean surroundings)—and watched the passing scenery through the window, giving monosyllabic blips as answers, as the driver continued his tirade on the various quirks of some of his more outstanding customers.

As it so happened, Christina was talking to yet another chatty driver, when the driver gave a laugh.

“Oh! I thought he was your boyfriend...”

The driver gave a glance over at Andy at the word “he,” via the overhead mirror. Andy wanted to lurch forward and strangle the driver—Andy was sitting right behind him—yet, a part of him deep inside was, incidentally, simultaneously wishing upon the visibly bright Venus star high up in the night sky, for the driver’s casual assumption of their relationship to be an actuality.

Christina gave a schoolgirl kind of giggle, and carried on the conversation with the driver, about the chocolates in Switzerland.

Food. Had he eaten? Andy couldn’t remember. Why did Christina look so radiant and fresh? Andy always looked like he hadn’t slept in a week, when he was jet-lagged from flying. Christina, on the other hand, was very pert and alert. The driver was clearly fascinated with her charm too. Andy felt middle-aged, next to Christina.

All the talk about food and the focus on the taxi driver was making Andy think about the other cab driver, the one who’d so freely shared the various shenanigans that took place on a regular weekend basis.

Yes Yes Yes Yes Yes, Andy thought to himself—he could so imagine it, him completely relaxed, his mind going dead—in the good way—with his amazing sister’s ass in his face as she wrapped her glossy pink lips over his woody. What’s more, she was right there, beside him, living, breathing, in the flesh! Now if only, she could strip off that dress, and be in the nude...

Andy gave a sideward glance to Christina, a little nauseous, a little delirious, wrongly thinking that her image in real life might counter the image he was entertaining in his head. He felt so off-center. He was supposed to be a young professional, not a blistering fool in the company of his own blood relation, who happened to be waking all the cells in his blood.

He could see she was sitting very poised with an incredible grace, leaning slightly in front as she conversed with the driver. Andy was fighting back the urge to squirm around in his seat and cross his legs—it’d be too obvious—and he didn’t hate the driver quite so much now—Christina’s

conversation with the driver allowed Andy to focus on what he did want to focus on, without much difficulty.

He noticed that Christina's breasts had taken on a fuller shape. She was a late bloomer, having had her first period on the day she turned 17 (so he'd read, from her journal she'd carelessly left lying around on the floor in the TV room). He'd looked at her (when she wasn't looking) for the rest of that week, in a new way, wondering if she was bleeding between her legs.

He absent-mindedly opened his mouth, then tried to look nonchalant as he licked his lips again, clearing his throat when the driver happened to look at him via the overhead mirror.

"Thanks," Andy said to Christina, when she handed him a packet of Ricola lozenges. *Stress and tension signs*—Andy recalled the title of a magazine article someone in the HR department had circulated around the office that week. *Unlike obvious stress, imploding stress is constant stress, that's sucked down and swallowed.*

Pseudo porn with a message? He had keep himself from putting a \$50-note on the seat beside him, and asking Christina, "Now...just tell me you swallow."

God, how Andy wanted her over his knee he'd make her never forget it she'd scream at the top of her lungs while he slapped, squeezed and spanked her butt cheeks until they were nice and rosy—would she put up any resistance, towards getting a nice, hard spanking that'd get her nice and horny?

He'd reach in between her legs, tease her juicy clit while she bent over in front. He'd seen the curve of Christina's hip and the generous, rounded curve from her lower back, tapering down the side of the butt and thighs, to meet the knee with a sleek line, followed by those sculpted calves. She had grace, stamina, and strength—anyone could tell that, just from her legs, which she wasn't afraid or indifferent or too shy to show off anymore. Would he score with this quintessential Swiss Miss, or would it be another random, nameless face, one after another?

He stumbled out of the cab once they'd reached the destination, Waterfront Condo—Christina had already forked out the cash, when Andy had come to, and re-opened the cab door on his side.

“The Miss has already paid,” the driver let Andy know. Andy just noticed the driver’s gold tooth, located on his lower jaw. Christina was looking up at the apartments, her bikini body profile silhouetted against one of the night lights on the compound.

The driver got out, to get Christina’s luggage out of the trunk. Andy gave him a tip—out of blurriness, more so than obligation or courtesy. His hand was still, like all the strength had gone from him. The driver took the money, and patted him on the side of the shoulder.

“Enjoy,” he said in a low voice, with a slight grin, before getting back in his seat, and driving off.

Enjoy. The word had practically dripped right out of the driver’s mouth. What was that supposed to mean? Andy could almost feel the word etching itself onto the surface of his inner teeth, which the tip of his tongue rested against.

Christina should have stayed at another friend’s place, at a hotel, a hostel—but his place would naturally, logically, be the first choice. He lived alone, why shouldn’t she stay instead of wasting money on accommodation at a luxury hotel?

3 weeks. She’d only be around for 3 weeks. Except that 3 weeks felt more like 3 hundred years, right now, if he was supposed to squelch his insidious desires.

Andy helped Christina with her trolley bag, when they entered the elevator. Her touch was like an electric spark, when their fingers met on the handle of the bag when she passed it to him. Andy didn’t know if she’d lingered her hand on his for a second—or whether he had—or whether both of them hadn’t. He concurred that he was just dreaming.

Christina chattered to him for a bit, updating him on various friends, family members, and happenings back in Zurich, before turning her attention to one of the posters gracing the walls of the lift. Andy kept his eyes on the elevator buttons, pretending to be focused on something at work.

She followed him, as he inserted the house key into the door’s lock. They stepped onto the cool, marble-tiled floor of his unit. It’d be cool once the air-conditioning system was turned on, but Andy felt like he’d just entered the gates of Hell.

“This is a really nice place, Andy,” Christina said, genuinely impressed with the furnishing and interior design of the apartment.

“Thanks.”

He almost melted to bits—she was so easy to look at. He could spend the rest of the night just admiring her.

Andy strode past the black arm chair in the living room. It was well-structured for hot and heavy action, which he’d made use of before.

He showed Christina her room, which he’d spent a couple of days preparing, neatening and straightening things about, and getting a few amenities in. He went back to his room for a short while, to put his laptop down. He needed a cold shower, stat, to cleanse the horniness.

To his amazement, he found Christina was already fast asleep, face down, legs dangling over the edge of the bed. He was just about to show her around the flat.

He went forward, almost putting a hand down on her shoulder.

Oh, if only he could undress her...get her ready for bed...and he’d slide right in under the blanket with her, snuggle her snuggly breasts up close to his chest.

He got himself out of the room, and locked the door immediately, staring straight at the blank door for 5 seconds or so.

Good. He’d gotten her out of his mind, for 5 seconds straight. It was a start, at least.

He’d have a quick bath, before crashing. He had a long day at work the next day.

After having a cup of Swiss Coffee. He’d always liked brewing a cup of flavored coffee, and mixing in a packet of Swiss Miss Hot Chocolate mix. Additional milk and cream would blend perfectly with the mix, and compliment it amazingly.

He didn’t have to make a cup to know it’d taste, for the first time, as bland as chalk.

Chapter 2

Christina—why, of all names?

Andy kept playing the infamous *Dirrty* music video, over and over, as if the pulse-revving scenes of racy outfits and provocative dancing projected out from his memory onto the ceiling above him. He lay in bed, eyes unblinking, cold in his own zone, alone in the silence and overpowering darkness.

Christina Aguilera / X-tina. Wasn't that the video that had earned her the moniker?

They shared the same initials too—Christina A.—Christina Acklin, writhing and gyrating about in a rot-iron cage, suspended from the ceiling. Okay, so he couldn't remember what was in the video exactly—a boxing ring, lots of slippery wetness on the ground, lots of heat, lots of leather, lots of sweat, lots of clothes being stripped off...

Andy was sweating, even in the air-conditioned room.

His little sis would look equally hot in a milkmaid costume mini dress with lace-up details back zipper and a flirtatious little petticoat but above all her righteous milk jugs squeezed together and pushed up high on display...

Or dressed up in fetish wear, something with chains and a lot of vinyl, like a bright red and black cupless corset tightly cinched at the waist with satiny garters delicious legs killing it all the more with 6-inch spiked clear stripper heels...

What was she doing in her room now?

He wouldn't mind just...watching, her. Watching her do herself. He'd get off on that.

She looked dead on the bed—since he'd last seen her, face-down on the mattress. The view would be perfect: he'd photograph her. Run the photo through a Photoshop filter, if need be. She'd be poetry in pictures.

He'd sit her down with instructions—“*work, slave*”—have her bang a whole group of studs, watch her mouth pleasing the congregation of dicks around her. It wasn't demeaning if she enjoyed it. *Something that all the little whores in bed did.*

Andy wanted to stab his eyes out with a fork. Was she a virgin, or a whore, now that she wasn't holding on to her modest image any more? Which would he rather have her be? She wasn't a nun—why'd she have to care what he really thought?

He was torn. He'd always associated (his) Christina with an element of purity. But he wanted her flat out drunk, now, like the wasted guys and girls who wanted the easiest excuse

to get laid quick, so he could explore the contours of her body with his tongue and hands and mouth.

They hadn't even touched each other, apart from the initial greeting with a hug. And the slight bit of skin contact, in the elevator.

He thought she'd smack him, if she could view his thoughts. He didn't think he'd mind, actually, being smacked around by her.

He felt a dull ache/pain, deep in his heart. Realistically, it'd only be a disaster, and more pain and misery, which he didn't want to live with for the rest of his life.

It's not worth it, Andy. It's not worth it.

Andy rolled over to the side, and started watching the *Dirrrty* video on his iPhone, since he couldn't get the song out of his head. He decided he'd kick back, lose himself in, and enjoy the raunchy video with the intro scene of Christina riding into a boxing ring on a motorcycle, and the naked-ass girls in the raw video, with the fire-engine-red skintight leather hot pants, back-up dancers splashing dancing being sprayed with water in a room with urinals on the wall, gyrating semi-clothed in a boxing ring, fight scenes plus girl-on-girl action, bondage—a real post-apocalyptic orgy.

That turned out to be even worse, because Andy saw the face of *his* Christina, instead of the one of the blonde, iconic singer on the screen—his Christina, with black streaks in her hair like X-tina, surefire hotties who'd still be *dirrrrrrrty* even while rolling around and thrashing about in clean water.

He didn't know that Christina (Acklin) had picked up on his silence during the cab ride. He wasn't usually that quiet with her. She'd seen he was at the mercy of the tension that had him in its unrelenting, cruel grip.

She'd also seen his hand drawing back at the slightest fraction of an inch, when they made some skin contact with the trolley bag's handle at the elevator. She picked up on his tension like she had an inner fine-tuned radar, even though she couldn't explain it.

And she wasn't lying down “dead” in the next room. She was awake, and very much alive, “with him” throughout the night that way, though Andy didn't know it.

Chapter 3

Christina's door was still closed, when Andy got up in the morning and left for work.

He had to meet some clients for a meeting. He'd always been focused and on task, but felt perplexingly out of place throughout the seemingly endless hours. He only felt like playing with paper planes, putting his legs up on the table, and doing immature things as his mind drifted in and out of the conversation. He watched his colleagues and clients talking, without really hearing what any one of them was saying.

Some sketched out ideas were on the table in the center of the meeting room, something about a "couples retreat." One of the proposals was a weekend getaway special on one of the nearby offshore islands.

Andy's mind drifted—seeing Christina's nude body on one of the swanky Lumeo beds with a backlit headboard. *Couples retreat*. They didn't *need* a couples retreat—he and Christina weren't in their home town or home country. People wouldn't know who they were. They could do anything!

Someone's cell phone rang—the tune was the *Family Affair* ringtone—the Mary J. Blige song that was a hit during Andy's early teen years. God, he knew the words, about getting "crunk" and "open" and "having fun" with someone's ass on the dance floor.

Andy took a bathroom break. He'd always been truly serious about his career—he normally gave the right appearance, and was seen as thinking about business first, especially while at work!

He'd thought he'd try to regain and sustain his usual composure, all the way up to lunch time first. But he made the mistake of looking over at Tony and Selena: the two co-workers who had an ongoing office romance—they spent more time looking over at each other (their cubicles were next to each other) than getting any work done, when they thought no one was watching.

Andy wanted to strike them both across the face, which would promptly wipe off the smug, indulgent grin on their faces. Sure, it was always "great" to hear about an office romance that led to a wedding, kids, and a "happily ever

after”...except for the co-workers who had to put up with the romance itself, while it was in its initial “passionate” stages.

Happily ever after’s a fantasy. And so is just a single night, wrapped up in...

The rest of the meeting was like a bad movie in slow motion...elastic and spastic, all at once. Nothing made sense, except for the drone of surging pulsations within Andy, surges that came back all the more stronger, the more he tried to curb them. It was almost like there was an animal clawing away at the walls of his gut, to eat him up from the inside.

He was a ghost in a shell, dreading for evening to approach.

He wandered around the street outside his office for a while, after work, walking around to nowhere in particular. Everywhere he looked, there seemed to be couples: holding hands, snuggling up to each other, nose kissing. Love was in the air; life was so unfair.

Andy thought the train he was on might crash. He could feel his cold, sweaty palms on the handle of his laptop bag. It wasn’t going away. He didn’t know what to do. He had to hide it. But running away from things never helped anybody, in the long run.

He dragged his feet back to his condo later in the evening, like one entering a slaughterhouse. He’d die, any way you looked at it. He’d already pieced it all out rationally, on the way home.

A part of him would die, if he never mentioned anything, if Christina never knew of the overwhelming lust that threatened to consume him. It wasn’t derogatory to Andy—quite the contrary, if looking at it just in that aspect. Sure, other girls were available, but there was a special bond with Christina which he didn’t have with any other person on the planet. They’d always been able to confide in each other, and be around for each other, just because. He knew he’d look out for her and always be there for her, even if it ever reached a point where she didn’t deserve it. The point was not whether or not she deserved it, but that he felt obliged out of a sense of respect to her as a person.

Unbridled lust was his untainted response with regards to Christina’s newfound feminine sexuality.

How'd she do a 180? It seemed like it had happened over night. The transition from innocence, to sexual confidence, and she didn't even need to bare a lot of skin, wear a push-up bra, wear pounds of make-up, or be overtly sexual to get that message across.

Most of him *would* die, if he did mention something, and freaked Christina out good. That would damage what they had as friends and siblings. Did he really want lust to get in the way of something that needed no fixing?

He didn't think she'd tell everyone she knew about it—if he did “make a move.” She respected him that way. But it wouldn't be the same. She might never get close to him again. The torture from a comforting hug was better than no hug at all.

Or was it?

And he'd kill himself if he raped her, if only because he “couldn't stop himself.” He'd consider it a pathetic excuse. But what was one to do, when one was simply following the directions of one's most important organ?

It didn't look good even if Christina did, miraculously, reciprocate. Would it be a one-off thing? Or turn into something addictive?

Andy closed his eyes, taking a long deep breath, as he stood in front of his apartment room door.

“*Meiiii!*”

He jolted to his senses when the neighbor's kids came running out to head off to the swimming pool. They were a brother and sister, maybe about 3 years apart. They were pretty rough-and-tumble most of the time. They usually referred to each other as “mei” (little sister) and “kor” (older brother). They called Andy “the tall Swiss man.”

The girl and boy gave a wave to Andy; he gave a slow obligatory wave back, noting how close they always seemed to be. In terms of both friendship, as well as physical proximity.

Nuttesohn—the punk son of a bitch! Andy had seen the brother tackling the sister a few times, on the public corridor space. It was in good humor and not out of violence, of course, or he would have talked some sense into the boy, and/or informed the kids' grandmother, who was a kind and friendly woman, living with the kids in the same house.

Andy kept looking at the brother and sister, walking off in the other direction, till they turned a corner. The sister had the brother's head in a light, playful headlock.

Being a kid was so much easier.

Andy wished he could annihilate his lust, and start all over. At the moment, he only saw Christina as a sexual being, which overshadowed knowing her as his friend and sister.

Andy had a wild solution: he wanted to purge and get rid of the temptation, by yielding to it. It came almost as a kind of epiphany. After all, human behavior, like physics, flowed along the path of least resistance.

Andy stepped into his house, leaving the hectic non-stop-activity world that he knew outside, and entering the unknown and unexpected that enveloped his own living space. He'd thought of his own house that way ever since she'd gotten here, which was slightly less than a mere 24 hours ago.

He was in a slight headspin—he thought he was hearing things at first. There was a hypnotic tune in the background, with a powerful thub-thumping drum and bass beat—when he recognized the track from one of his CDs: *Bamboo Banga* by the British rapper, M.I.A. It was an energizing dance/electronica track regularly used on fashion runways around the world, a song both he and Christina enjoyed spacing out to. If they listened to it enough times on repeat, they'd feel so giddy they'd no longer feel a sense of connection to what was going on in the real world.

He found Christina seated in the kitchen. Her soft, blonde hair fell gently over her shoulders. Except for the tip of her nose, her hair covered most of the delicate features of her small, pretty face.

She was languidly sipping on a glass of red wine. Andy thought she'd opened one of his bottles, but realized she had gotten it from one of the duty-free shops at the airport.

The lights were dimmed. Her white hand looked as delicate and fragile as the glass she held. But he wasn't fooled. Her sexual energy still simmered underneath, all the more strongly, in the warm, inviting glow of the lit room.

Christina was in a thin, short-sleeved top. A nightwear kind of shirt, with some artistic print on the front, which ended about midway down her thighs. Her nipples were hard, and popping out through the thin white fabric—Andy

couldn't help but notice. He couldn't help but stare, for a couple of moments. He then concentrated on his breathing.

Concentrating on anything, but the image of his cock coming to life in her mouth, inching it slowly down her warm, wet, inviting throat...

She rested a cheekbone on her hands, as her elbows rested on the tabletop. She turned to look at Andy, with a fixed stare, like she was scanning his inner thoughts and soul with her very eyes.

"Hi..." she said to him, ever so softly, in a slightly husky tone of voice. With a slight tilt of her head, she exposed to him a little more of her bare neck.

Andy took a step forward. He said he'd take her out to wherever she wanted to go, while she was a guest at his place. Was this how she acted nowadays, out in public?

Was she intoxicated? He couldn't really tell. Her face seemed a little bit reddish, but she didn't have the unfocused, slightly in-another-world look that characterized the eyes of a staggering drunk.

Andy put his laptop bag on the table, and calmed himself down. He clasped his hands together on the bag's handle, mouth curving upwards in a slight smile to Christina.

He felt more cleansed that he had been throughout the entire day—enlightened, almost. By facing his temptation straight on, and just accepting it as it was, he felt less of an urge to resist or fight anything. *Path of least resistance was one of the laws of physics, after all.*

He silently praised himself. So he was above the masses, after all. This moment was proof. He was not taking advantage of his sister.

She swung both her legs out—Andy looked down at his feet for a moment, thinking she was going to stand up or walk away from the table. Game over.

But she put one leg up on the seat instead, resting one elbow on that leg's knee, and fixed him down with another stare. A slightly indolent stare, almost.

He noticed she was well-groomed, before noticing she hadn't been wearing any underwear underneath. He re-focused, snapping his back upright and drawing his shoulders back, rolling his shoulders back once, to ease the tension.

He kept his gaze on Christina's face. The hypnotic M.I.A. track had been set on repeat. Had the song gotten Christina into a trance? A trance that was working its way into Andy's mind as well?

Christina leaned back, resting the back of her head on the top of the chair's backrest. She was teasing him continuously—with the way she talked, the way she moved, the way she used her eyes—luring him in—and he didn't even know if he'd end up succumbing to her personal charm, and if it'd be this to lure him into a downward spiral of spiritual and physical destruction. Many men throughout history had already met such a fate as a result of a charming female.

One of Christina's hands lazily slapped up against her stomach. She had a flat tummy and a toned, straight line down the center of her abdomen.

Then she lifted her shirt up, a little, at first. He saw her unpierced naval. Then she lifted it all the way up, flashing Andy her bare breasts. They were full breasts, with a slight natural hang, and they were on full display. They were begging to be touched, played with, worshipped, kissed, caressed. Any dude would worship those huge, soft, hanging, bouncy natural breasts. *They'd hang and shake while on the floor hardcore doggie style—*

"Power, power," went the lyrics from the song in the background. It was the slow-building prelude to the hard-pumping section of the track.

Andy brought a hand down onto the tabletop, for some balance. He hadn't teetered over, but felt the strength in his knees dissipating.

Christina played with her hair, twirling one of the strands and letting it rest on one side of her face, before she started twirling it round her finger again.

"What're you doing?" Andy asked as softly as she'd said "hi" earlier. He hadn't said anything since she'd greeted him.

"Ha, ha, ha!" went the rapper in the song. Andy knew Christina liked M.I.A., but was this an effect of the unconventional, offbeat (but upbeat) rapper's music? If so, that was impressive, but Andy kept his mind on Christina.

He rested his fingers on his temples, then at the spot where his eyebrows almost met, trying to consider what he should or shouldn't do. He thought it was ironic M.I.A. stood for Missing In Action.

Christina had brought her shirt down again, and was staring at the wall. Andy looked at her closely. She seemed a little far away...but not crazy ass drunk. She just didn't seem to be.

"Do you want...something...from me?" Andy asked a little coyly, getting as close to the point as he dared, implicit as it was.

Christina nodded, bobbing her head up and down, with a slightly wandering, hungry look. And she wasn't headbanging to the drumbeat of the music.

Andy went up close. She could lean in and press herself against his body if she wanted to. Or sit on the table, and position himself in front of her, whereby she could...

She looked at him one more time, then down, as another loop of the song faded out.

"What do you want?" Andy asked casually, with a touch of the confidence that all smoother talkers were gifted with.

What if she played him on all night long? But he suddenly felt like he really had let go, and was living totally in the moment, though he didn't know it for sure, right then. All he knew was that he was going to take the moment for whatever it was.

He'd always be there for Christina. Perhaps she wanted that in more ways than one. Like he did.

He gently ran a hand under Christina's chin. He tried to search Christina's eyes for her answer, because she wasn't saying anything.

She had an open expression too. They were both open with honesty. Andy was open to whatever she wanted to do, with or without him. Christina saw this, saw her brother was indeed a man of his word, a man who'd stand by her side, for a long, long time.

He reached in, lightly grazing his lips on the side of her face, kissing the tip of her high cheekbone. He'd be satisfied, if an unadulterated kiss of pure, heaven-sent bliss was all he got.

Andy was about to draw his body back, when Christina reached out for his shirt collar, and lightly clung on. She didn't pull on his shirt, but her hand kept him from drawing his body back fully. He looked down at her clutched hand, then leaned in again, to plant a slow, wet kiss on her plump, luscious lips.

Andy swore he felt a surge right through his heart—maybe he *was* going to die—in ecstasy—not a bad way to die at all—one already faced a thousand ways to die on a daily basis. Her fingers graced the back of his neck, before she placed a foot on the side of Andy's hip, and pushed him back.

Before Andy could regain himself, Christina stripped off the one layer that she had on, shaking her neck from side to side. His blood riled up with the familiar scent of her fine hair.

She stood up to face him—they were both standing now—and she pressed herself up close against him, grooving and grinding her body against his, to the beat of the music. Andy's hands were stroking her back, before he grabbed her round ass cheeks. She twisted in pleasure and delight—she'd faint from her brother's conscious and sensuous touches.

He stopped, backing her up against the wall, as he took off his belt and pants. She helped him with his button-down shirt, stalling with one of the buttons on the way down, till he popped the slightly defective button out just at the right angle.

"What are we doing..." Andy breathed, with a drunken smile.

Christina arched her back slightly, offering her fleshy nipples to him. "Whatever you like..." And she ran her hard, erect nipples down the surface of his chest.

And he knew this was the moment to die for, that he'd willing die for, and been waiting for. To edge down her body, to lick and taste the yumminess between this—*his*—Swiss Miss's thighs. He'd sweep her up in his arms later, where they could carry on in the comfort of his soft bed, which was empty pretty often, too often.

He was about to reach down, but Christina was faster, and got onto her knees first, settling on them comfortably, as she started slowly stroking and licking his excited cock. And she had every intention of mounting him later and riding him to orgasm, as hard and as deep as she could while enjoying every moment.

Andy's love for her was growing more and more, just like his excitement. He still loved her as his sister—maybe even more so, now—and he'd show it better than just saying so. He'd take her for a ride wilder than a rollercoaster—drive her so wild she'd know without the slightest hint of a doubt that

he would *always* be available for her, whenever and however she needed him.

Christina actually did it for him—made herself available, for him—her first real lover. She'd experimented with her own fingers before, but that was it.

She knew what Andy wanted from the first moment they touched each other at the airport, and she did her best to grant him his request. A touch could say more than a thousand words tripping off the tongue. Her first killer blowjob was to and for her older bro, Andy, and her pussy would later be on fire, once they started humping, building up the speed, with her riding his cock faster and faster.

They were in complete sync, in mutual comfort and understanding—she in his liberating emancipation, and he, in the cathartic washing away of his guilt and shame.

Andy was purified and sanctified, in yielding to his temptation.

#



[3] CRUNK

Summary: Cougar on the prowl Rachel Coker turns her attention to Brent, her 20-year-old son.

Crunk

[Present Day]

“Come on right in,” Rachel beamed, tossing back some strands of her glossy dark-brown hair. She'd just gotten some caramel highlights earlier in the week.

“Thank you, Mrs. Coker.”

Rachel Coker wished the boys would call her by her first name only—she took a swig from the bottle of vodka she was holding, as some of Brent’s friends trudged into the house. Brent was her 20 year-old son. Rachel was five inches shorter, at 5 foot 5 (1.65 meters), and just 17 years older. She always took her time, elbow leaning against the door, as she watched Brent’s friends enter the house, and make their way down the hallway.

She didn’t have a preference for curvy or flat butts on guys. She just liked them tight.

* * *

[Past]

When Brent and Rachel drove into the city for some weekend shopping (or some other activity), people on the street would sometimes walk up to her and ask if Brent was her boyfriend. “No, he’s my son,” she’d proudly reply, with a polite smile. She tried her hardest not to turn it into a gratuitous smile. She hated being judged by others. She’d never tried to curb her natural impulses. Animals lived and died by their natural instincts. Wouldn’t the same apply to the human species?

Rachel had another younger daughter, who’d gone to live with her aunt, because she “didn’t want to become like Rachel.” Her daughter still called her “Mom”—but it never felt genuine. It wasn’t out of respect.

Cindy never showed any respect, Rachel said to herself, drowning out the bitter taste in her mouth with some Smirnoff Ice Raspberry that was always lying around the house somewhere. *The prissy, little air-headed snot.*

Cindy and Rachel could actually pass off as sisters, side by side. Rachel took better care of her looks and body, a trait Cindy had never picked up. *Maybe she would’ve, if she’d stuck around longer.* She’d gone to live with her aunt when she turned twelve.

12—the age Rachel gave her first sloppy, but enthusiastic, blowjob. The deed was done in the bedroom of her then-boyfriend’s house, while his parents dined in the kitchen downstairs.

She always remembered what it felt like, returning to her own home later in the evening. She felt all rebellious and empowered, and went to bed dreaming of all the boys she'd do throughout her teenage years. She walked a fine line, between being sassily-dressed and having a reputation as a slut. Ended up marrying the boyfriend who got her pregnant with Brent, a boyfriend who turned out to be a deadbeat dad that walked out once he figured family life was different from what he had expected. He never got to see Cindy—Rachel wasn't even sure whether Brent and Cindy came from the same father.

Rachel tried to guide Brent as best as she could. She generally maintained a hands-off but open approach with parenting. Brent appreciated this. The last thing he wanted was to grow up and be like his father.

He wasn't close to Cindy either. She seemed so uppity half the time, like she was "better" than him and Rachel. Rachel was still Cindy's mother, no matter what. Brent couldn't leave Rachel all alone. She might get lonely, end up with another lout who'd take advantage of her, steal her money, hit her, do anything but treat her well.

He never forgot the few times she'd walked in on him while he was jacking off to porn magazines or clips online.

"Oh my God, I'm so sorry," Rachel had once said. She'd walked in on him, while the bathroom door was unlocked. The head of Brent's dick was glistening with pre-cum—there was an open red bottle of K-Y Jelly lubricant on the countertop. "I..."

"It's okay." Brent slammed his hand on the K-Y bottle, which fell into the sink, before he turned himself around, to face the wall, face down, holding his dick. He wasn't going limp. In fact, he'd turned because he was getting harder, with the thought of being watched by Rachel—if she wanted to, of course.

"I'll brush my teeth in the other room," Rachel replied with a smile, and headed off without another word.

Brent had been eighteen at the time. Rachel pondered on Brent as she washed up in the other bathroom. He'd grown a nice set of broad shoulders—she'd seen the sweaty sheen over his body when she walked in on him. She should have reached out, touched him on one of his delectable triceps or biceps...give him a lick or two on his hard pectorals. So he

had been using the Reebok rotating push-up handles she'd gotten him for his birthday. He'd asked for it. He got ripped fast, since the handles targeted the upper body to build up core strength in that area.

Rachel went to bed, running her hands down her chest and clitoris, pondering about walking in on Brent again, walking into his room, and finding him on his bed. "*Shhh*," she'd say to Brent, once he started up, and she'd get down on her knees right away, stuff her face with his smooth cock, feeding her desire to reach another level in the close relationship they already shared as mother and son. His body looked so young, so virile, so healthy—the obvious choice when pit against a scruffy thirty-something with an overhanging beer gut (who'd probably be tied down with a nagging wife and spoiled kids, too).

Likewise, Brent was thinking of Rachel, in his own room, as his hard rock music blasted on late into the night. He'd gotten his taste in classic and hard rock music from Rachel's CD collection anyway. He thought of his girlfriend, that he'd just broken up with a few days earlier, a quite-popular but clingy girl at school, who was practically glued to the hip of her significant other.

"Brent!" he imagined Rachel would say, if he stepped into her room. She was a sexy mama who had no qualms flaunting a post-baby fit and trim body, and she knew it. Did she know she wasn't the only one who knew it?

"Your mom's hot," one of Brent's friends had said to him at school. They were young, in their mid-teens at the time.

"Thanks," Brent had replied with a pleased grin plastered on his face. He'd walked around the rest of the day that way.

"What're you so happy about?" It was the first thing Rachel had asked him, when he came home from school.

"Nothin'..." he replied casually, before heading upstairs to masturbate in the privacy of his bedroom. She let him have the last word. Better a happy than depressed boy, she figured.

At the age of eighteen, Brent couldn't believe he'd never walked in on Rachel pleasing herself, or another lover, any time, throughout his entire life. Maybe she didn't do it in the same house while she had her own children under the same roof.

Brent wouldn't have minded. It wouldn't have mattered to him. Everyone had their needs. He'd join in if she told him to. Rachel's well-being and happiness came before his. He thought it'd be selfish, putting his own wants and needs first.

Brent's thoughts conjured up random images of Rachel—Rachel wrapped up in a towel, slightly increasing her pace as she headed in the direction of her room to change, when she saw Brent coming down the other side of the hallway—Rachel's black bra strap showing when the sleeve of her tailored sheer blouse dropped down her shoulder—Rachel toasting him during a wintry Christmas they'd spent indoors.

They'd both been dressed up, and ready to head off to a fancy restaurant about an hour's drive away. But she cancelled their reservation—too much snow, too much ice on the road, too dangerous.

"I'm so sorry, sweetie," she'd said to Brent, when she put the phone down.

"It's okay, mom." He knew she worked hard to support them. He chipped in whenever he could, by running errands or engaging in petty hustling for the drug dealers he shared some classes with at his school.

Rachel left a lipstick stain on the wineglass, and on the side of his face, when she came over to wish him and give him a quick smooch. She was wearing a musky fragrance—which was a lot more arousing than the red wine she let Brent have a taste of.

Brent's thoughts went back to the present, fantasizing and envisioning in his mind that he'd just stepped into her room. He'd do a striptease along the way—take off one piece of clothing with each step forward that he took.

What did Rachel wear in bed? A nightgown? Or just "Very Sexy," her favorite fragrance from Victoria's Secret? It was an enchanting scent that came in a ruby-red bottle with faux diamond studs on the box. Rachel had good taste, better taste than Cindy, for sure.

He'd not give Rachel a chance to say a single word—he'd pin her down on her bed, rape her and make love to her at the same time—he'd fuck her hard first, move his shaft in and out of her like he was on fire and like his life depended on it, and then he'd do her nice and slowly after that, maybe even tie her down with one of her satin scarves, while he ran his fingernails lightly over her erect nipples. He got so hard

just thinking about how wet she would become at his touch, at *his* skill, at the satisfaction she got through him...she only deserved the best. Brent thought about this almost every time that he jacked off—that the womanly aspect of her was to be admired, not feared or disdained, and he wondered if he'd dare someday to get up close in between her legs. He always thought her scent would linger on him for days afterward, and that everyone would know because of this.

As Brent moved into his late teenage years, his friendships with other males tended to be deeper and more intense than anything he'd had with other females his age. He didn't have the same problem with older women, whom he'd always been nice to, and vice versa. They seemed more secure, more real, in a sense, like they'd been through more real shit in life (not the "I just misplaced my cell phone" type of apocalyptic disasters), and had fewer expectations. He choked on the superficiality and vapidness of the younger *Gossip Girls* type set.

Brent looked up to Rachel. He'd seen how hard it was to be a working, single mother. He'd seen the hard look of stone-cold hatred in Cindy's eyes, whenever she was with Rachel. Perhaps it was better that Rachel and Cindy weren't in each other's company much. It made it easier to deal with.

Better to stay out, than get out of trouble.

* * *

[Back to the Present]

The heavy industrial mix blared through all four corners of the house. "This is...the time...I feel...alive!!" shrieked the frontman, sounding almost like he was shredding his vocal chords.

"Yeeah!" Rachel hollered at the top of her lungs, as she flopped down beside a group of 4-5 young men around her son's age, who were seated or sprawled out on the living room floor. It'd become a weekly affair, getting crunk at Brent Coker's crib—brought to them by the only mother cool enough not just to open up her house, but cool enough to chill and hang out with them. Hell, she even opened her ever smooth and never-ending legs for them now and then. And

she didn't just run along, but topped their antics, from time to time.

She'd gone streaking with them once, out in broad daylight, through the wet, wild grass and dirt and mud and raw earth. That's what she'd always liked about living in the countryside. Leave the city and its noise and pollution and crowds to those who wanted to climb the corporate ladder, and spend their days running around like mad dogs and headless chickens. She had better things to do.

Like spreading her legs wide, and wrapping her arms around one of Brent's friends—Gabriel, a six-foot stud with killer good looks. She'd had sex with him a few times, usually in the kitchen, seated on the wooden chair as they played tongue hockey and stripped all their clothes off. Rachel took great pride and satisfaction in sometimes passing these boys and their girlfriends or wives around town throughout the week—the girls would be pushing their prams, gaining weight, gossiping.

Been there, done that, Rachel would think. Once, she'd pinched Gabriel's butt cheek when no one was looking, as he and his girlfriend walked down the supermarket aisle in the other direction. Gabriel, looking like a debauched angel, shot a smirk back—Rachel licked her lower lip and raised an eyebrow in response, as she kept her stride.

One of these days, she was going to go out boy-hunting. That was going to be the goal for the day. She would drive out to the city, seek out fit and handsome young men, and lure them back to a Comfort Inn suite, where she'd bang them throughout the night, in horizontal and vertical furies, and all sorts of other crazy-assed positions. So, she was a big whore—the end.

Rachel had no need to at the moment though, since her house was never in short supply of suitable youthful male bodies, throughout the month. She'd had sex with almost all of Brent's friends that regularly came over—all of them, except for Brent himself. *Keep him out of it...* Rachel always said to herself. She wasn't going to use her son for a physical release. Besides, his friends had heaps and heaps of stamina—like Rachel—and they had no problems keeping up with her, and keeping busy for long amounts of time.

Rachel moved her black and pastel pink pleated skirt up her legs, grinding her pelvis against Gabriel.

“Move over,” said Tommy, wrongly typecast as a shy kid who hardly ever said a word at school, but who found his strong, steady voice at keg parties, and such. He started unbuckling his jeans, and Gabriel followed, as he set Rachel down on the sofa. Gabriel was always Rachel’s first choice. He had the whole tall, dark and handsome thing going—completely irresistible.

She peeled off her thin white t-shirt, her fleshy nipples rosy-pink-hued, and hard as the buttons on the guys’ jeans. She started rubbing and squeezing her breasts together, running one of her feet up Gabriel’s calve muscle, and then her other foot up Tommy’s leg, as they started stroking their members.

“Start me up,” Rachel sexily snarled at them, in the tune of the Rolling Stones’ classic song.

Rachel flicked her tongue over Gabriel’s swollen dick head, and did the same to Tommy, before she started to take two of their dicks into her mouth. When you’re looking for a mature blowjob, she was the lady you wanted to go to—all of Brent’s close friends knew that for a fact.

“Mom!” The only voice that would make her stop, in the primal heat of action.

“What the fuck, Brent!” Tommy exclaimed, as he continued pumping himself.

But Tommy was more amused than angered. After all, he’d be getting none of this, if it weren’t for Brent in the first place. If Brent or Rachel interrupted, Tommy was cool with it. He wasn’t as mild-mannered if someone else got in the way at the wrong time.

“Brent?” Rachel looked around, bra falling over the seat, a hand still on Gabriel’s curved up cock. “Where’re you?” And then, since Brent had made his presence known, Rachel added, “Would you like to join us?”

She saw Brent, looking skinnier than ever, loitering around on the staircase, looking like he was going to lurch. He had dark circles under his eyes, and his cheeks seemed to look a little more sunken than usual. *Gotta make him eat more*, Rachel made a mental note to herself.

“Oh...you guys...” Brent gave a slight wave, staggering on the step, clinging on to the stair railing. He wasn’t completely wasted, just a little hazy. He’d just smoked some of the dope

he kept stashed in his room. He shared some joints with Rachel sometimes.

Rachel had nothing to prove when she did the guys the favors, which is why they loved having sex with her. They didn't have to force themselves to indulge her in endless foreplay. They explored and tasted her between the legs, not because she made them, but because she pleased their dicks so well. They felt morally obliged to reciprocate in kind.

She slipped her shirt back on and went up to her son's room. He was lying down on his bed, facing the wall, dressed only in his boxer shorts.

"Is everything okay?"

Brent nodded, sad and sullen. Everything was not okay.

He'd seen his mother naked on numerous occasions, this past year, ever since his friends started coming over to his place for alcohol and dope, and just a place to hang out. He'd seen her more naked more times in the past few weeks than he had in his whole life.

"Why d'you have sex with everyone else but me?" Brent looked up when there was a loud shout downstairs, and some cheering. Rachel walked over to the door, and locked it. She turned, resting against the door for a moment, looking back at Brent. Her attire said "slutty chic," but her facial expression said, "concerned friend and mother, who's listening right now."

Rachel thought about it sometimes, how she felt more like a friend than a mother to Brent, sometimes. Wasn't that more fun than strict parenting, which could stifle a home and a child's activity or creativity?

"I thought you'd find it weird," Rachel shrugged, combing her hair with her fingers. Brent had stood around before, as a spectator, watching his mom as she rolled around and got dirty with some of his friends, a naked orgy where they all tried to keep up with each other. He'd seen her gangbanged by 5 guys—1 dick in her pussy, 1 dick up her ass, one in her mouth, and while she was giving two hand jobs—she sure could multi-task.

It was hard to believe this was the same group of guys that used to come by his house when they were all young kids, making snow angels in the garden whenever there was a fresh blanket of snow during the wintertime, raking the

leaves during summertime, blueberry picking. They still rolled around a lot, just indoors more, nowadays.

“You know the other time...when the fight broke out...” Brent muttered.

He had wrestled away his friend’s cell phone, which had a recording of his mom riding a fellow classmate. Brent had knocked one of the guy’s teeth out before the guy deleted the clip, and swore never to do it again. Brent came close to snapping the guy’s neck, and smashing the guy’s face into the ground, as he pinned him down on the cold hard floor, before the guy finally agreed to get rid of the clip. He was allowed to continue coming over to their crunk parties, so long as he kept his mouth shut about it, and kept his beloved cell phone out of the picture.

Those were two rules Brent had set up right from the start anyway.

Rule #1: Do not tell anybody about these crunk parties.

Rule #2: Do not talk about this anywhere.

So far, so good. Twelve members, at the maximum, twelve close friends who’d be there for each other through thick and thin.

“I don’t want to treat you bad,” Brent continued. “Like dad did, y’know.” The son of a bitch who’d split when Brent turned five. “I just can’t.”

Rachel smiled, before lying down beside Brent, on the bed. It was strange, how she felt she could be closer to him, almost as if it was in response to the racket that was going on downstairs. She thought Brent had been happy, with his friends over for company, and the supply of drugs and alcohol they both always contributed to. Brent’s friends tried to donate a minimum of \$5 each time they came over to, to split up the costs a little more evenly between everyone in attendance.

“You’ve good friends,” Rachel muttered to him. It was 5pm, but dark outside, since it was wintertime. “They know how to have a good time...how to give and take...I’ve seen y’all grow up over the years...”

Rachel placed a hand on Brent’s arm. “I know you don’t want to do anything bad to me,” she said, understanding where he was coming from. She lived in the same house with

him, and shared the same living space and air. She'd fucking given birth to him. Of course she knew him well. Of course she knew what was really going on in his mind, even if he lied.

Brent gazed up at her, fervently, longingly, like he was offering his soul to her, to be her eternal lover.

Rachel rolled over him, gripping his pelvis lightly with her thighs. It'd been some time since she'd started things off a little slowly. It was normally a race to the finish line, and then a repeat of that, for as long as she and whoever she was with at the time could keep up.

She lifted up her skirt, pulling aside the thin red thong strip, to spread her lips out for Brent to see. He watched, focused, never taking his eyes off Rachel and her pussy. She ran her fingers up and down the lips, tapping her clit a few times with a couple of her fingers, until she started moaning from the friction.

That kicked Brent into gear. He moved his hands along the surface of Rachel's thighs, massaging them slowly, taking in the smooth and sensuous lines and curves of her tight body. Maybe exercise was the best anti-aging method. Rachel always practiced her exercise and dance fitness DVDs religiously, right throughout the winter months when it was too cold to go for a long walk outside. She'd never packed on the pounds during a cold spell, for this very reason. Even if all her DVDs didn't work, she'd still rock her rolled-up exercise mat, or pull out some of her toys, to warm herself up a little bit before going to sleep at night. Releasing all the day's tension was a great way to settle oneself in for a night of deep and uninterrupted sleep.

Rachel moved forward, sitting on Brent's chest now, as she leaned forward to support herself on her arms, while she dragged her wet lips over Brent's chest hair.

His tongue darted out when her pussy edged closer to his neck and mouth, and she screamed with pleasure as he buried his face in her and dug his fingers into the flesh of her ass cheeks. He slapped and spanked her ass a few times, playing with and feeling and watching the mound of flesh jiggle and bounce—Rachel must have felt that good too.

Rachel ran her fingers along the back of his neck and head, before she slid down to pull his boxers down—his cock stood up at attention.

“So meaty...” she went, gently picking up his sex. “And so, so *smooth*...”

She felt like a feline devil, hovering over her own son, this beautifully delicious young man that she’d always given the best to, who deserved the best of her.

“I always like it when we’re out alone,” Brent suddenly said. Rachel’s mouth was around his dickhead, but she hadn’t started any work on licking or sucking him off yet. She gazed up at him, with her black-lined eyes, wondering what he was saying. “Like, down the street or whatever...I’m prouder to be with you, than...with a girlfriend...”

Rachel’s heart swelled with delight. “You’ll meet the right person one day,” she assured him. She didn’t want to chain him down unnecessarily, even if she did genuinely enjoy his company. He had the right to his own life too.

Brent felt like he was going to faint, with the thought of Rachel riding his cock like there was no tomorrow. He wanted her in all sorts of crazy positions, and he’d keep her legs close together, increase the tightness and sensation for her. Maybe it’d feel even better than the buzz he got from pills and alcohol and whatever the hell else that he always took, to drown out never being able to be seduced by his own sweet mother.

Or so he thought.

Rachel was giving him a mind-numbing blowjob, the best blowjob she’d ever given in her life, as if all the previous blowjobs she’d given had been leading up to this moment in the present time, to the only man she’d still love and trust, no matter what he did or how low he went. She knew he’d been lulled into drug culture early in his youth, and she didn’t care if he ended up making a good living by being a drug dealer—as long as he was happy, and didn’t stray too faraway from the code of never getting high on one’s own supply. Banks and law firms were corporations running on evil too, and look how their CEOs were treated in life.

Rachel almost drove Brent insane as she finished him off on the first round—his toes were curling up and his eyes were rolling back in their sockets. It was a champagne supernova of an orgasm as he shot a huge load in her mouth and down her throat. She let little gobs of it escape her mouth, as she grinned up at him, before sharing some hot kisses with him, after which he flipped her around, and

started nibbling on her raspberries—watching her cheeks and light-skinned chest flushing red and her clitoris swell in response to his fingering and cock-slapping against it.

Every sensation he felt seemed to get better and better by an exponential margin. Brent felt empowered that they were enslaved to each other. He suddenly knew what to get her for X'mas that year. Nipple clamps, to get her hot and heavy for some nipple clamp and hot wax action on her pretty nipples, and a nice rack that put women a decade younger than Rachel to shame.

So Brent and Rachel moved from one bonding agent to another—from alcohol, to dope, and then to sex—and the sex by far was the best of the three they'd had so far. Brent's room, their own house, was their secret spot in the world, where they found release and peace and solace in each other's arms and bodies, away from all the noise and fighting and shouting that was going on in the world. They were surrounded and wrapped up in a state of absolute euphoria that encompassed their sextivity.

When they were inside each other, even the rowdy crunk parties, which was directly below Brent's room, was a whole universe away.

Brent's mother let the boys have it their way in her home—and so did they, with Brent and Rachel.

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[4] RINGFINGER

Summary: 22-year-old Nathan Karim proves his lifetime commitment and loyalty to Maya Karim, three days before Maya's wedding day.

Ringfinger

“See you tomorrow.”

Nathan Karim smiled his last ‘professional smile’ of the day, and walked out of the Armani Exchange store in the high-end shopping mall.

The 22 year-old sales associate made a quick stop at Starbucks, for a black coffee. Nathan was well-dressed and impeccably-groomed, but a lost and lonely young man. He was on his way to Maya Karim's apartment, which she shared with Shane Degrassi, her boyfriend of three years. Maya and Shane were going to get married in 3 days.

Nathan caught up on some shut-eye, during the train ride, despite the crowds and noise choking his senses. All he felt was the dull thud of his heart, almost as if he was hooked up onto an artificial life support system.

“Is he excited?” Nathan had heard from his mother, that Maya had asked that question. Was he excited about his older sister getting married?

Shane Degrassi was 30, 5 years older than Maya—a successful financial analyst. If Maya was happy, that was all that mattered.

But was Nathan excited? *Hell, no*, he admitted to himself, in a deep, dark, hidden part of his soul he didn't allow anyone to come near. He didn't even know what resided in it.

Nathan didn't know much about Shane. He was sitting across a businessman in the train. The businessman was on two cell phones, and reading a magazine, all at the same time. Nathan saw Degrassi's face on the man's body—and Maya, next to him. Maya's hand, over Degrassi's chest, one slender ankle wrapping around Degrassi's lower leg—Maya having Degrassi's baby—Maya showing off her engagement ring, a huge vintage style sparkling green emerald which made all her girlfriends swoon.

Nathan didn't hate Degrassi. He didn't know what to make of Degrassi—this 30-year-old hotshot he was now supposed to be “brothers-in-law” with.

Were state laws or personal laws more important?

"I love being independent," Maya had said to Nathan, years ago when she'd graduated with a Diploma in Retail Business Management, and had moved out for the first time. Nathan hadn't kept in touch with her for a while. He'd been too busy—she'd been too busy—everyone was always too busy. One day, they were sitting on the floor sharing and finishing an entire box of chocolate mint cookies, while going through their entire PlayStation collection. *Fuck Xbox!* they'd scribbled on the side of their PlayStation box with a red marker pen. The next day, one of them was getting hitched and preparing for a brand new life and future.

Weddings and marriages filled Nathan with a detached kind of dreadful bitterness. People were always so happy to celebrate a new life with another—a new baby being the ultimate accomplishment. That took precedence over all else in life. A starter marriage—one expected to fail and not last "till death do (the couple) part"—was better than no marriage at all.

White lilies, the flowers of death, that had surrounded Kurt Cobain on stage along with flickering candles during Nirvana's final MTV Unplugged acoustic concert—images of this flower took over Nathan's mind as he made his way down the street to Maya's apartment. He grabbed the flowers from a florist shop nearby, at the last minute, to present to Maya when he saw her. She liked stargazer lilies anyway.

"Hi Nathan!" Maya greeted him with a warm hug, when she opened the door. "Oh, they're beautiful...thanks," she said, when he'd passed her the bouquet.

Nathan's eyelids felt heavy.

When he handed her the flowers, he felt it symbolized a part of himself dying too.

He'd never be able to say or explain it to Maya. She was no longer going to be "his older sister." Well, she was, and would always be—but there was a new "man" in her life, that had to come first. Who would know her, and be close to her, in a way Nathan could only dream of, as he lay in bed at night, thinking of the sister he was losing, to one who was claiming her as His Wife and Mother of His Future Child.

Nathan wanted to slash Degrassi's portrait on the mantelpiece—maybe he did hate the guy, after all.

“Mr. Armani,” Maya joked, looking Nathan up and down. “Did you lose some weight?”

“Yeah, a little,” Nathan said shyly. He’d started lifting some weights during his gym visits.

Maya had cooked a sumptuous meal for the two of them—mashed potatoes, roast chicken, rice pilaf, and some key lime pie for dessert—but Nathan’s stomach felt empty and lifeless as his spirit. He tried to sit up straight on his seat, thinking of his true wedding gift to Maya. He’d bought a “Happily Ever After Wedding Gift Box” of fine chocolates and other goodies for the new couple—but he wanted to make pure love to her, a love that wasn’t part of a script, part of a signed piece of paper, that wasn’t part of a proof of commitment. It’d be his parting gift, the best form of his brotherly love for her, before she was officially Mrs. Degrassi, whether or not she kept her maiden name. The fact was that society would be seeing and acknowledging her as a wife, first, and a sibling to him, second. The family one built was apparently more significant than the family one came from.

“How’s things with Felicia?” Maya asked. She hadn’t asked about Nathan’s girlfriend in eons.

“We broke up, quite long ago.” Nathan broke it off when Felicia started demanding that he give her a ring for Christmas. He wasn’t going to be held hostage if he didn’t want to be. But maybe females were wired differently.

“Oh no! I’m sorry—I didn’t know.”

Nathan forced a smile. “It wasn’t working out anyways.”

He sounded and looked more aged and tired than Maya, who had a fresh, make-up free face. Her dark hair was tied back in a chic ponytail. She dressed well, even if she was alone in the house. Which she was—Degrassi was away over the weekend for a business trip in Hong Kong. He’d be back on Monday evening, in time for the wedding on Wednesday.

Brother and sister sat across each other at the table, poking at the food on their stoneware square dinner plates.

Nathan watched Maya’s slender, shapely, and graceful hands. She had beautiful hands, like all hand models had. She had beautiful feet too, and did flaunt her assets for a living, working as a professional hand and foot model. One of the most popular detergent ads featured Maya’s hands, even though most people didn’t know it. She was careful, always covering her hands with gloves when doing the dishes, even

as she used the sponge scrubber to keep the water and detergent soap (which she advertised) off her delicate skin.

Nathan wanted to slide across the table, and kiss and worship her hands. He'd seen the way Degrassi held her—yes, he was “in love” with Maya, the way a couple was supposed to be. But Degrassi didn't notice the goddess appeal of Maya's regal features. She was just another good-looking body, who happened to be his wife, and therefore special—Degrassi's right to call special, even if he didn't really see it.

Nathan almost jumped out of his skin when Maya's foot brushed against his shin, as she stretched one of her long legs out. He thought of their bodies seated at the two ends of her cream velvet sofa—completely in the nude—he'd suck on her toes, caress her divine feet, while dragging his own foot slowly up and down Maya's shoulder, watching as she squeezed her breasts and stroked her clitoris in front of him...

“We're in our twenties,” Maya said with a smile and a sigh. She thought Nathan was quiet from a long day at work. Like him, she suddenly didn't feel like she had an appetite either, despite the delicious aroma of what she'd spent a few hours whipping up in the kitchen.

Nathan looked upon Maya. She was a strong, intelligent, and beautiful woman. Degrassi was a lucky bastard to have her. He'd better take care of her. Or else.

“Do you want to get married?” Maya asked Nathan.

He couldn't seem to take his eyes off the chiffon on her slinky black blouse. And she couldn't remember the last time she'd seen him looking this smartly-dressed. She still remembered him as the young hooligan who'd hang himself upside down on tree branches, who'd shoplifted make-up items for her before, because he'd overheard her saying to a friend that she'd get them, if she could afford them. That was during their mid-teens, before either of them was earning a regular income in more acceptable ways.

“I don't know.” Nathan rubbed his temples, feeling a slight headache coming on. And then he just let himself go. He could confide in Maya. He was still comfortable in her presence, even if they hadn't spoken or met up in a while. “Everyone, like, wants to get married...is that the most important thing in life? And people putting all their wedding

photos up on Facebook, then their baby's photos—when they have kids—and the profile picture will be JUST OF the baby —”

“Showing off the bundle of joy—” Maya quipped.

“—with the parents nowhere in sight. So what, all of life becomes the baby? The product of the marriage?” Nathan paused. “Are you going to have kids?”

And Maya's svelte physique would change thereafter. But Nathan wouldn't let himself get in the way of whether Maya wanted to have her own children or not. He could be a bastard at times, but not *that* much of an S.O.B.

Maya nodded. “I guess so...some day. I'm 25—and not getting any younger.” She gave a short hiccup of a laugh, even though she really wasn't joking.

Nathan exhaled. “You'd be...a great mother.” He could see Maya, dedicated and truly wanting the best for a child—her child—and fully enjoying the experience of motherhood.

Maya had a slightly distant look in her eyes. Nathan noticed it. There was something vacant—not the twinkling joy a person had, when envisioning happy times with their family, or spouses, or offspring. It was a look he could identify with.

“You've always liked children.”

“Yeah...I don't want to have them too late in life though. I'm looking more and more like Mum everyday. Everyday, when I look at myself in the mirror...” Maya brought up her bangs. “I'll look at these.”

She leaned forward over the table, showing some of her cleavage, which Nathan kept his eyes off, though it still brought the blood rushing to his other head. He looked at what Maya was showing him—two faint lines across her forehead.

“I can-not make them go away!” she exclaimed, letting her hair fall down again. “Oh, can you imagine hitting 30? It's all gravity from there, yo.”

Nathan simply smiled. “You'll always be beautiful.”

She looked at him, appreciatively. “You're a guy, it's okay—you can get married at any age. When you're a woman, 25's the expiry date...I don't wanna be left on the shelf.”

Nathan's eyes widened. Was this what his independent sister really thought of herself?

“I mean, Shane is nice, and very capable...”

But—Nathan knew a “but” was coming.

Maya gazed up, wondering how to put it. Nathan held his breath, as he observed how well the warm lighting in the room played up her brown hair and eyes.

“But the...” she trailed off. She hadn’t shared this with anyone, not even her close girlfriends.

“Does he treat you well?” There was a slightly hard, defensive edge, in Nathan’s tone.

Maya nodded, then closed her eyes for a moment. “He’s just...”

She opened her eyes, not making eye contact with Nathan, looking right through him, almost. “The sex is just... so-so. He reads all these magazines, for tips, but it’s still...”

Nathan watched Maya’s mouth, and her seemingly expressionless face, which gave away nothing.

She looked at Nathan, then frowned—she didn’t understand herself. “But you can’t have it all, right?”

“Better than no sex,” Nathan replied.

“I don’t know...” Maya trailed off. “Shane’s the best I can get...I try to do what I can—he enjoys it, the sex...” Maya frowned again. “And he doesn’t skip foreplay...I just feel like we’ve never really ‘let go’, when having sex, you know? It’s just physical...and over quite fast...and I can’t wait for it to be over sometimes. He doesn’t want it all the time—too tired from work.”

Nathan acknowledged her frustration, and gave her moral support via a listening ear and non-judgment.

“I guess I shouldn’t complain,” Maya concluded.

“Sex is more complex for a female,” Nathan said, surprising Maya with his ease, and level of maturity. “I think it is one of the great mysteries of being a female. A mystery that should be...treasured.”

It was something that couldn’t be taken away—the power of a woman’s own mystery—which Nathan thought far too many women dismissed, in favour of skimpy attire and society’s version of “sexual empowerment.”

Maya gave a sensuous smile, basking in Nathan’s wise words. “Clever boy.”

Nathan looked at the time—10.30 pm. He’d have to go, since he had to start work early in the morning, the next day.

“I’ll see you on Wednesday,” he said, going over to Maya to give her a hug. “It’s your big day.” He’d put his vague, ill-

feelings aside, for Maya's sake—he wasn't going to spoil the occasion for her.

She hugged him—holding on, then clinging on, not wanting to let go.

“Oh, Nate...” she whispered. His hands were on her back. He could feel a stab of pain that went through her heart, when she said to him, “I'd so do you, if you weren't my brother.”

“You would?”

“Yes.” Then Maya let go, taking a step back. “Did I just say that? Gosh! I...” Her mouth gaped open. “I was...I was just...”

She sat down, looking thoroughly exhausted. “I mean, I would—I mean, I must be crazy...wedding jitters...” She wrung her precious hands together. “Sorry if I freaked you out, okay?”

“I would too,” Nathan said with a smirk. It gave him great pleasure that his sister had thought of him that way, even if just once, and in the moment. He'd probably thought of being her lover more times in the past week than he had in his entire life.

Maya stood up again, going over to him, reaching out for his hands. Nathan had turned to go, but stayed still. They stood together, Maya up against his back. He was taller—slightly taller than her fiancé—and broader-shouldered, and almost a decade younger.

He closed his eyes, a fire coursing through his veins and body, when a faint sigh escaped from Maya's lips.

“Nate...” she said, breathily.

He spun himself around. He saw the look in her eyes—deep inside, behind the put-together exterior, behind her designer clothing, behind the upcoming nuptials—and saw the woman in her yearning to be satisfied, pleading to be unleashed, begging to be engaged in its raw, primal state, an ultimate experience where two bodies would become one—to counter the “man and wife” concept—because she was frightened to death of being enslaved and shackled to the concept. Shane Degrassi saw her as his wife-to-be, but Nathan was the only one who saw, acknowledged, and understood that she was and wanted to be recognized as a woman, first and foremost.

He held her close, breathing in the sweet scent of her clean, silky hair, before giving her a soft, achingly soft, kiss on her even-softer lips.

“Kiss me hard,” she whispered, pressing hard against the fabric on his lower back, “like we’re all going to die...like this is our last night alive.”

So she did feel the same—*death, like the lilies signified*—and Nathan rocked her body closer against his, as she started grinding against his groin, as he sucked on her lower lip long and hard, exactly like she wanted it. She moaned as he dropped her chiffon sleeves off her toned shoulders, pressing up against her warm, inviting skin, as he kissed and sucked on her neck, and breasts which seemed to have gotten a size larger ever since Nathan had slipped her top off. He lovingly cupped her breasts, which fit the shape and size of his hands, softly milking her erect nipples with his gentle but hardworking lips, once she had unhooked her black lace lingerie.

She unbuttoned his shirt in a wild frenzy, but he lifted her off her feet before she could tear his shirt off, even though she’d just managed to get the last button undone.

Nathan paused for a moment, when he faced the door. He gazed down at Maya, who gazed back up at him with an open face, and large, innocent eyes which hid nothing. “Shane’s not going to be back tonight, is he?”

Maya gave a coy laugh. “Tomorrow. He has one more meeting with his client tomorrow.”

Nathan was heading for their room, when he paused again. “On your bed?” The bed she shared with Shane?

Maya nodded, running a hand along Nathan’s sculpted biceps. He felt like he was a hero, rescuing her from a sad, cruel fate.

“He’s a good man...” Maya said, “...but he doesn’t see the woman in me. He does foreplay, because he knows he’s supposed to—and I play along, like I’m supposed to. Just do whatever you want—whatever you want to do to me—”

Nathan would have thrown her down onto the bed and had his way with her, just as she’d said—he’d get her to deepthroat him. It’d be so hot hearing her gag while she was blowing him and it would be SUPER HOT if she was really into it too, playing with herself and trying to get off when he did—he’d get her to deepthroat him before coming all over

her body—all. over.—the sheets would be so soaked they'd have to spend the entire night cleaning up.

But he set her down slowly...this was his gift to her, just as he wanted it, and he wasn't going to rush through it and mess it up.

He leaned over Maya on the bed, lifting his body up on his shoulders, before Maya pulled him in close and started drinking in his kisses, and rocking her body and pelvis up against his, till he finally ripped his pants and underwear off. Maya was mesmerized with his huge, slightly curved cock, and spread her legs wide open, looking up at him with her bedroom slutterina eyes that dedicated the entire moment to him, her cherished brother, only him, and nobody else.

Nathan ran his tongue over her pussy lips, devouring her, going as far in as he could, up to his eyelashes, burying his face and tongue in her, his fingers digging into her butt cheeks as she breathed heavily, writhing with subdued, long and ever-increasing-in-volume moans that drove Nathan to go even slower, but more intense, which drew them both closer together in their mutual agony and blissful torture from delayed, prolonged pleasure and gratification.

Nathan had lost track and notion of time and space when Maya started thrashing her legs against his face—he held onto her legs, until her explosive climax, which he tasted with his tongue and that she christened with a loud cry like that of an exotic bird in the wild.

He thought he was going to pass out, but she held him down, flipped her body over on top of his, and started riding his dick reverse cowgirl style, giving him the view of back and applebottom ass, as she gripped and slid up and down the shaft of his rock-hard penis. He was going to pass out—*when the penis is hard, life is good*—and he didn't mind dying, if he was going to go this way.

Maya rode his cock like her heart and soul depended on it—because they really did. In her darkest days, Nathan was the only person who made her come alive, even when she felt her mind and body had already gone dead.

* * *

Nathan bolted out of Maya's apartment the next morning at 8.45 am—he was supposed to be at work by 9 am. He'd

borrow the electro-thermal steam ironing machine at work to smooth out the creases on his shirt.

He met his first customer, Yasmin Shiraz, a young socialite who ran her own concierge and events company, and let her peek ahead in his counter guide at the “exciting new products” lined up for the next month.

But Yasmin seemed to be sneaking a peek at Nathan’s face a few times, as she browsed through the counter guide.

He didn’t know if anyone could tell what had just happened, the night before. He’d flirted with Yasmin a few times—but never when she came in with her older brother.

“Do you think Maghan will like this?”

Add a little texture to your look with these sterling silver cufflinks. Classic meets contemporary in this rectangular pair, finished with an eye-catching chainmail texture.

Nathan stared at the sterling silver and rhodium-plated cuff links, reading the advertising copy, before remembering where he was.

“It suits his image,” Nathan said. Yasmin was shopping for an early birthday present for her brother.

Did you ever have sex with your brother? he was dying to ask Yasmin. Yasmin and Maghan were a good-looking pair of siblings, with attractive and uncannily similar features, right down to the shape of their teeth, and the pinkish hue of their lips.

“Yes,” she replied with conviction, nodding her head. Nathan nearly jumped up through the roof, before he realized she was replying to the statement he had rambled aloud, instead of the question he really wanted to ask.

Yasmin felt like flirting with him—he’d sometimes stroke her hand when nobody was looking, as he brought her around the Armani store, showing her some of the new items that had just come in. Where was the nice, chatty, suave sales associate who was always on top of his game?

She eyed the semi-distant look in his eye, with a faint frown—when she leaned in over the counter, to return the guide, she could smell the scent of sex on him, and another person’s smell that had stayed on him. Yasmin wasn’t surprised—she’d had sex with men simply because they smelled nice—and she’d been waiting for the right time to see if it would be possible to proposition her oh-so-friendly-and-awesome sales associate.

She ordered the cuff links, thanking Nathan for his time. She hoped whoever it was he'd spent the night with hadn't broken his heart. She'd known some guys who ended up falling in love with prostitutes they'd hooked up with for one night stands, hookers who hustled them for whatever they were worth. It rarely ended well.

If Yasmin had known what was on Nathan's mind, she'd have mentioned the blowjob she'd given to Maghan on his 18th birthday, and that she'd continued giving ever since. Hell, she would have even invited Nathan and Maya over to a condo Maghan owned, which he used now and then since it was a stone's throw away from the airport. It also doubled up as a convenient hideout for him and Yasmin to do as they wished with each other, since Maghan's "very conservative" wife and children would never understand how he could enjoy sleeping with his sister, a woman he had and would always be drawn to, with a pure, untainted love.

* * *

Nathan hardly slept the next two nights. He stayed offline, jumping whenever his cell or home phone rang, thinking "it must be Maya."

He thought back to that one night, wrapped up in between her legs, closer to anyone he'd ever been, when he was inside of her.

She'd looked at him a few times, while she was lying back, gently placing her hand on his chest, smiling up at him.

"Are you okay?" she'd asked, barely audibly, when they had taken a brief break.

Nathan nodded, resting his head against his interlocked hands, elbows up and beside his head against the pillow. *Degrassi's pillow!*

"Yeah, why?" Nathan asked with a slight curve of a smile.

"You looked so...fierce," Maya said, tracing a line down the centre of his torso. "I was smiling up at you...you weren't smiling. AT ALL."

"Concentrating on your pleasure," Nathan laughed, before tackling her and going another round, fast and furious this time.

And he hadn't mentioned it to Maya, but he took great pride and satisfaction fantasizing about Degrassi walking in

on them. He'd have killed the man, if he needed to. He'd seen the golf clubs Degrassi kept in his cupboard. One swing and the guy's skull would've cracked open in an instant.

Nathan would kill him—who did Degrassi think he was, anyway? He was supposed to be giving Maya a new life to look forward to, not suffocate her with uninspiring technicalities he'd picked up from a lame sex article lying around somewhere. Love and good sex weren't things that anyone could just buy, even if they had all the money and financial smarts in the world.

If he ever hit Maya—Nathan would be over in a second. And he would tell Degrassi straight to his face to never do it again—or he really would reach for one of the golf clubs to dispose of the biggest clutter in Maya's life.

Because that's what Degrassi felt like, to Nathan—a big piece of clutter. Maybe Degrassi and Maya's sex life would improve in their marriage, or maybe it wouldn't. People often got married for all the wrong reasons anyway, one more reason for Nathan's great distaste for what was considered one of the definitive, biggest events in most people's lives.

Nathan tossed and turned in the wee hours of Wednesday morning, just before dawn started to break. The wedding would be held in the evening. He felt like a spade was scraping away at a hollow in his heart, as he thought of Maya wrapped up in Degrassi's arms, rolling around on their bed, which Nathan had “borrowed” on Sunday night.

God, how he missed Maya, and having her scent all over him. He wanted to give her a quick call or text—just to say hi, or more likely, just to say goodbye.

* * *

Nathan Karim managed to keep his cool (but not hide the dark circles under his eyes) through Maya's wedding on Wednesday. It was a quite-lavish procession, fit for Maya—*probably not lavish enough for a socialite like Yasmin*, Nathan thought, but it was a tasteful, elegant wedding which showcased the bride and groom's refined taste.

Just seeing Maya took Nathan's breath away, when she appeared in a gorgeous Vera Wang wedding dress: a romantic, ivory, strapless, A-line, floor-length gown. He

heard church bells ringing, the choir singing, saw her walking down the aisle...sailing right past him, like he wasn't even there...and watched as Degrassi placed a ring on her finger.

Nathan saw them holding hands, heard them promise: "till death do us part." Each word was a stab of pain to his heart. All he could do was cry—tears of joy, whoever saw him thought—the act of a great pretender.

"Congratulations," Nathan wished Degrassi after the procession, feeling like his life had just ended.

The families of the bride and groom milled about, getting ready for a photo with everyone in the picture.

Nathan gave Maya a hug—he couldn't even touch her—he didn't want to feel sad and dreary—he just wanted to make love to her, right there and then, to hell if everyone saw, why should they care?

Nathan and Maya didn't know it then, but they had the same look in the photographs they were in together. Degrassi wore a smile—which wasn't totally plastic—but Nathan and Maya had a simmering, underlying surety, which connected the two of them together, in the soulful way a marriage union was supposed to sanction.

Maya gave Nathan a quick kiss on the side of his face, before going back to Degrassi's side, as they went back to being the shining stars and centre of attention.

The wedding was over—Nathan slipped away for a few moments, hiding in the last cubicle in the gents. He'd lost the woman he loved—still loved—and all he could do, was cry.

* * *

Nathan kept to himself for the rest of the week, plastering on his 'professional smile' at work, and through the weekend, one week after he'd done the deed with Maya.

He started wishing he'd never done it. It was hard enough just fantasizing about it—but it was never going to be the same. "One could live for years sometimes without living at all, and then all of life would come crowding into a single hour"—one of Nathan's favourite quotes by Oscar Wilde.

He toyed with suicidal notions for a bit, seeing himself taking the elevator to the mall's rooftop where some teens

sometimes huffed Freon, paint and glue—the junkies would be too high to stop him from hurling himself over the edge.

Are you free tonight?

Nathan read the text message that had just come in on his cell phone, when he just got off work on Sunday. It was from Maya.

Nathan replied: *Yes I am, whats up?*

He felt a slight tingling sensation down his spine, when she asked if he could go over to her place. She hadn't spoken to him since her wedding. She hadn't mentioned the night they'd spent together in bed at all.

It was a nauseating train ride to her apartment. All the crowds and chatter and random goings-on in the public transport system weren't able to crush Nathan's strong, burning desire to just TALK to her and soak in her feminine radiance, beauty and light, to get to know her, to playfully tease her and have fun with her, to joke around or mess with her, light up her heart, smell her, taste her, feel her *move with her to BLISS* feel those smooth sexy long soft legs *taste her hot pussy* Nathan was the best lover in bed she'd ever had, because he wanted her the most. He had a burning desire for her constantly—and she loved giving herself fully to him because that's what her femininity naturally desired the most—how truer could a shared love be? It was the spark of life in Nathan's eyes, when he saw her—Degrassi was a "soulless man." When Maya looked into her husband's eyes, she saw nothing. No passion. No charm. No style. No sense of thrill or mystery or enticement or adventure, or the hint at some lusty, naughty, fun.

"He's on a 3-day business trip to Tokyo," Maya uttered, as soon as Nathan had stepped in, and she'd shut the door.

Nathan looked around the room, like he was searching for any hidden cameras which might be watching his every move.

Maya was hiding something behind her back. She put her hand out, handing a small velvet gift box to Nathan.

His eyes widened in surprise, as he opened the box. In it was a David Yurman band ring, an artistic and contemporary styled ring with an intricately carved, wave texture all the way around. It was a \$500 titanium ring.

“What’s this for?” Nathan whispered. He held Maya’s lovely, smooth hand, noticing the wedding band on her ring finger.

“A gift for you,” Maya said, with a fire in her dark eyes. She saw Nathan holding her hand, his thumb over her wedding ring. “But it’s not about the ring. Commitment happens in your mind and soul, not on your finger.”

And she pressed her voluptuous breasts against his chest, as he raked his fingers through her hair, reaching down and pressing his mouth harder against the soft skin of her breast, his arousal caught between their bodies, hot and firm and wet and soft all at once, against each other’s skin.

* * *

Maya called or texted Nathan, whenever Degrassi was out of town—Nathan turned up each and every time, even if he had to cancel other plans he’d made at an earlier time, with other people.

He was more of a husband to Maya, than the actual person she was officially married to—she gave herself fully, to Nathan’s full-hearted embrace of her pure, womanly nature, which he selflessly protected, cared, and provided for.

The sex she had with her brother far excelled the sex in her marriage.

Nathan had a rush of pure pleasure each time he was reminded of it, when he gazed down at the titanium band on his ring finger.

#



[5] SPINNING AROUND

Summary: 48-year-old Deryk Wolf's not-so-little girl shows her appreciation for his support of her passion for fashion.

** Jess's first father-daughter piece. Jess might expand this into a longer piece, in 2011.*

Spinning Around

[Sunday, 10:56 a.m.]

The room was slowly spinning around, when Deryk Wolf opened his eyes. A couple of moments, before he remembered where he was—a couple of moments, before he felt a slight sting on the surface across his knuckles.

Hollywood Slots Hotel & Casino.

Meeting Aimee later in the day.

Surface cuts, back of the hands, from the asphalt last night, 12am cold and in the public carpark. The cuts would make nice scars.

The 48-year-old didn't feel like he was approaching fifty. It was supposed to make one feel older, wearier, with doctors' warnings about the risks of developing heart disease coming at full speed.

Deryk had ridden into NYC on his red-and-black midsize Monster Ducati bike, checked into Hollywood Slots, where one of the cocktail waitresses had had her eye on him all night long, as he went around the different slot machines on the casino floor.

“Amy,” said her nametag. She sure looked like Aimee, with the chocolate brown hair and caramel highlights, about the same age and height as Deryk’s 21-year-old only daughter. He had to look twice, to make sure it wasn’t Aimee at her second job. The cocktail waitress had killer tits that were busting out of her tight, white top. If she could, she’d be showing off her perky ass and matching tight pussy too.

Deryk was in New York to show his support for Aimee—she’d made it through the auditions for Fashion Icon, where would-be designers would compete for the chance to showcase their collection at NY Fashion Week, with the first place winner walking away with \$100,000 to use as seed money to start their own fashion line.

Aimee Wolf, she always said she’d call it. Just like *Deryk Wolf Photography*.

He walked into the casino to gamble away the images in his mind. Everything seemed to happen in that past week. It seemed like he hadn’t been living all this while, only existing in a bubble he didn’t even know he was trapped in.

* * *

[3 Days Earlier]

Deryk had gone into Aimee’s room to borrow her PC, since the other PC’s printer had run out of ink, and he had an invoice to print out.

He thought of her everyday while she was at NYC. The house seemed rather quiet without Aimee around. A little less vibrant, missing the energy and life she carried around with her.

Deryk snuck a peek at her blue Pilates floor mat, feeling the blood rush to his groin. The items were always so strategically placed—surely Aimee was aware? The mat before the full-length mirror—lace underwear, in shades of hot pink, white, and black—always either in a clump nearby,

or neatly hanging at the edge of the tabletop, like she'd just washed them and put them out to dry.

Her last drawer was sticking out a little. Deryk crouched down to push it back in. He paused, when he saw a dark violet velvet case, and drew back. He went into the kitchen to get a cold glass of ice water.

"Meg," he called out to his wife, who he'd been married to for 23 years. "Honey! Shall we..."

Watch one of the DVDs we borrowed? he wanted to say, as he walked to the hallway, looking at the driveway to see if she'd gone out. He'd print the invoice tomorrow, at work. He felt like he had just sinned, by unintentionally snooping around one of his children's bedrooms.

Deryk saw the car in the spacious two-car garage. He saw that Meg was in there, with Tomás, their 19-year-old son. Tomás was a college sophomore who worked some days with Meg at the Village Market, where they had colleagues ranging from college students to people 70-plus.

Deryk went forward to the front door, and lost his footing when he saw what Meg and Tomás were up to. They had moved right into the corner, almost completely hidden by the second garage door, which wasn't open. The glass of water nearly slipped out of Deryk's grip. He stayed behind the edge of the window, still able to spy on and catch a glimpse of Meg and Tomás.

Tomás' neck and head were at ease and slightly rolled back, the lower half of his body slowly rocking in sync with Meg, whose mouth and hand were enclosed around the head and shaft of Tomás' penis. She was stroking and massaging and playing with his well-groomed balls, letting her lips firmly travel up and down the shaft with a lusty fervor Deryk hadn't witnessed in almost forever. She was sucking it like a pro porn star, giving Tomás a slobbery, smiling, nasty bitch of a blowjob, wiggling her skanky ass like a perfect little dirty whore in bed.

Deryk took a step back, like a knife had gone right through his chest and ripped his heart out, a cut of absolute betrayal and humiliating insult.

For a moment, he considered taking up one of the blades from the assortment of knives and choppers in the kitchen, and going over to the both of them, demanding for an explanation, for some answers.

How long had this been going on? Was it Tomás or Meg who had made the first move? What had he done wrong? How had he failed her? Was Deryk such an abomination, that Meg was determined to live her deprived and dissatisfied sexual life through her son?

Deryk stared at Tomás' body, which looked like Deryk's, when he was about Tomás' age.

He went back up to Aimee's room, stunned and in devastatingly low spirits. Her room was now a kind of sanctuary, which offered some solace from his newfound knowledge of Meg's blighted soul.

Aimee had never come on to him—and neither did he, to her. But he'd always liked it when she'd sit on his lap, and give him a hug around the neck, even as a teenager. Not in public or in the company of others, though—gone were the days when a teenage girl could sit on her daddy's lap, without child protective services being called in for “abuse charges.” It was a twisted world and society, where parents couldn't touch their children and teachers couldn't touch their students, because some pedophile had abused the position. Then again, Meg was obviously a fan of incest. Deryk had never been aware of her kink and twisted mental state.

Meg was just like him: youthful-looking for a 46-year-old, trim, and fit. They'd both taken care of their bodies, and looked younger than most of their peers, some of whom were feeling the effects of a lifetime of beer guzzling, bad eating habits, and an overall neglect for one's health.

Mother giving son a blowjob, mother giving son a blowjob, he kept seeing in his mind. So that was why Meg was never around, whenever Aimee and Deryk spent any time together. Father and daughter spent a lot of time together, as they both shared a passion for creative pursuits—that's where Aimee got her artistic talents from anyhow. Aimee had the fiery ambition and vision Deryk had. Tomás, not so.

Deryk was proud of both his children—but had always had higher hopes for Aimee, who was the more driven and purposeful of the two siblings.

Deryk slipped a hand into the bottom drawer, running a hand along the small, velvet drawstring case. He pulled the opening of bag back a little bit—just as he thought—a ribbed, handcrafted glass dildo, wonderful to look at, with

beautifully colored red and blue little studs. A person who didn't know what it was would've easily mistaken it for a glass sculpture of some sort.

But he could just imagine Aimee, kneeling in front of her mirror, hair pulled back in a neat ponytail, the glass dildo to her lips—just like her soft, pink lips would enclose the head of a hard cock, before she started bobbing her head back and forth.

Deryk would usually put such thoughts of Aimee aside. But that would sometimes lead him to dream of her, touching herself in her room, long legs sprawled out and over her head, as she pleased herself with a dildo or her fingers.

Sometimes, he'd wake up and think about whether he was really dreaming, or recalling a scene from real life. Sometimes, he thought he was losing his mind.

"An online order..." he heard Aimee's sweet, angelic voice, as he recalled the time he'd given her a quite-large rectangular box that had come in the mail a few months ago, addressed to "Ms. Aimee Wolf." He'd correctly guessed what it was—an "adult toy" of some sort—from the semi-suspicious way Aimee dashed up to her room with the package, right after he'd handed it over to her.

Deryk went over to Aimee's PC, rage, desire, and dejection all swarming around him in equal intensity. He didn't want to kill Tomás. If his mother looked and dressed like Meg, he'd desire her and do anything to get a blowjob from her too. Deryk was more disappointed in Meg, who he thought he could always be open with.

Better to get sex from your loving mother, than from the street, Deryk reasoned.

He clicked around on Aimee's computer, locating the right printer drive.

He clicked on the 'My Pictures' folder, to see if there was a photo of Aimee he could print out. He'd keep it in his wallet, the only one in the family who he hoped wasn't whoring out behind his back.

There were two folders: 'Nikon Transfer', and 'Aimee'.

He opened the second—the little thumbnails on each folder loaded, when he saw a range of close-up shots of a firm, perky set of breasts. For a second, he looked at the pictures, before realizing they were actually pictures of Aimee masturbating.

Did she want someone to find those pictures, or was she dumb enough to think no one could find them?

They were high-quality photos. Deryk was pleased to note she had his photographic eye, with an intrinsic understanding of lighting and angles of view. She'd been listening, and had applied his photography tips. The shots showed off her toned curves, and smashing pair of breasts begging for attention, screaming to be touched and sucked.

Strange how a woman could bare all, except her nipples and pubic hair/region. Strange how that little bit of flesh could be deemed supremely erotic and supremely offensive, all at the same time.

Deryk almost jerked his dick off his body, as he savored the eclectic range of nude photos—there must have been at least a hundred shots, lined up in perfect view for whoever it was that was viewing them. Like an adult model's portfolio of still shots.

There were even a couple of videos in the folder of Aimee, with her ballet-trained legs and thighs splayed out to the side behind her, as she rode and came on the hard floor, her camera capturing her wiggling jiggling juicy tight round “smack that” ass, as she slid and grinded her way to the booty-bodilicious-earthshattering cum dripping Big O caught on video.

Deryk thought his heart was going to explode when he was done.

He switched Aimee's computer off, completely forgetting about the invoice. He grabbed a roll of toilet paper nearby—*what's that doing on Aimee's tabletop?*—to clean up, careful not to drop his cum anywhere where she might see it. Save for a spot on one of her hot pink sex kitten panties, hanging on display like she was announcing to everyone who stepped into her room her pride at indulging in turning herself on.

It made Deryk want to see his daughter all the more—Tomás had “an important football game” on Sunday, and Meg had to be there for support, and “only one family member needed to be present anyway (Meg's words),” so the TV network had said, when the Wolf family had received the official letter from Fashion Icon about a special episode, where the contestants would have a day off from competing in challenges, to sightsee NYC with a family member. They

were told not to mention the episode to any of the contestants, so none of the contestants would have any idea.

“Happy 21st Birthday, Aimee!” Deryk read the text across a huge red album cover, on the open cabinet of her PC table. One of the presents Deryk, Meg, and Tomás had gotten for her birthday was a scrapbook, a collection of her photos from the time she was a newborn baby, to the time she turned 21.

Deryk picked up the album, flipping through some of the photos. Over the years, he’d rocked Aimee to sleep, taken care of her, clothed her, fed her.

There was a photo of her as a toddler, stretched out on the deck of a swimming pool. He thought of the time she ran up to him, as a 2-year-old who was just learning how to talk, after Meg struck her across the face for refusing too many times to take in a spoonful of baby food. He’d been in another room, before he heard a scream from Aimee.

“What happened?” he asked Meg, who said Aimee was being “difficult.”

“I hit her by accident,” Meg added, looking tired and upset. “I won’t do it again.”

Deryk took Aimee on his lap, sitting in the TV room. He would never hit his little girl. He thought hitting a child was bad parenting.

He flipped to another page in the photo album, of Aimee looking particularly gangly and long-legged, dressed in an oversized T-shirt and shorts, when she was just about to hit her teens. He remembered half-looking away when she bared her torso at him, as an eleven-year-old tween, to check on some rash on her chest. Her very, very young and small breasts were just beginning to develop at the time. It was the last time she’d ever showed him her bare chest. That was the precise moment that he felt shattered the illusion of her childhood.

Aimee was a late bloomer—she hadn’t show up overnight like some of her friends. She had matured very slowly, but steadily—she was at the start of her best years in life, at age 21. The last photo in the album showed her bright-eyed and cheery, with a smile that could take on anything the world might have to throw at her. Deryk was happy she was going after her goals in life, which didn’t consist of popping babies out from different fathers, being unemployed and living on

food stamps, which was the situation some of her ex-classmates were content to stay in.

Deryk went to bed early and alone that night, envisioning Aimee as purity and perfection, and Meg and Tomás as depravity and betrayal.

"I'm not feeling too well," he replied, when Meg asked why he was sleeping so early. He didn't draw back when she laid a hand on his shoulder—too obvious. He just received her touch out of obligation. He kept his back to Meg, pretending to be asleep, when she lay down on the bed beside him.

But no matter how he tried, he couldn't seem to fall asleep in a bed of lies.

Deryk headed off to the restroom to jerk himself off again, when he started fixating on how he'd rocked Aimee to sleep when she was a young girl, lightly patting her bottom and rubbing her back, until she was soundly asleep.

He still managed to touch her as a teen. She didn't scream, or hit him or move back, or shoot daggers at his face.

But she was a young lady now, not a young kid. And he couldn't get the photos of her killer gravity-defying tits and ass he'd seen on her computer, out of his memory. It was a body made for riding, a body displayed in all its glory as she shook herself in front of her camera, smacking her cute little ass with her hand, the same ass he'd cupped and patted, all those years ago. He'd tit fuck his way with her too, rubbing and squeezing her heavenly naturally large breasts against his rock-hard cock. It'd be a bigger rush than several hits from a huge crystal bowl of pure cocaine.

If he had Aimee's body, he'd be turning himself on all day long too.

He'd taken his marriage vows too seriously. Deryk was now overwhelmed with an obsessive curiosity about Aimee going down on him, exactly like Meg and Tomás were doing.

Having a hot young thing desire someone in their mid to late forties was pretty cool. One would have to be in really good shape for the younger individual to even be asking in the first place. Who would say no, to a young, fit, sexy person one genuinely loved and cared for?

[Sunday, 12:10 am]

The waitress, Amy, sidled up to Deryk when he left the casino, a little after midnight. He was \$500 poorer. Not bad, considering the dude next to him had blown \$2,000 in less than a half hour since he'd stepped into Hollywood Slots.

"Are you staying here?" Amy asked, looking up at him through her heavily mascara'ed lashes.

"Yeah," Deryk replied, turning his body towards her. *Wanna spend the night?* He'd cheated twice throughout his 23-year marriage. They'd been quick one night stands which didn't involve any emotional ties. Deryk never told Meg or anyone, though he felt guilty about it, and deeply regretted it, for a long while. But not anymore. He felt hollowed out by Meg's actions. She would never be to him what she was on their wedding day. The fairytale had ended.

Deryk was going to take whatever came at him, since he didn't know if he could ever put it across to Aimee. If she wasn't sending any "signals," it'd best be avoided. They had a good father-daughter relationship. *If it ain't broke, don't fix it.*

"It's my last day at work here."

"Oh! Where're you headed?"

"Vegas," Amy replied, with a slight tilt of her head, which made her soft curls bounce as they fell over the side of her shoulder. She slightly squeezed her boobs together, a little higher up, angling them towards Deryk's mouth.

He brought an arm around her lower back, when a group of loud, overweight thugs with their fake Gucci underwear hanging out with their pants about to fall off ambled right past. One of them bumped up against Amy, and she stumbled smack onto Deryk's broad chest, right up against him—she could feel his hard-on against her thigh, and he could feel her body soften, her breasts squished up against him, God he was so near, he could almost just reach his hand over and rip her top and bra off, and start licking and nibbling on her hard sugar nipples.

"I've to go...right now," Amy said, with a sad look in her eye. "My cousin's meeting me here at 12:30—she's got my bag. I'm taking a bus out to Vegas. The bus leaves at 2 a.m."

Deryk walked beside Amy, hand around her waist, as they stepped out of the hotel, into the indoor carpark.

“I’m old enough to be your dad,” he said with a slight grin. But as long as his dick still worked, he wasn’t going to complain.

“I saw you riding in on your bike,” she said, a little breathlessly, glancing in the direction where he’d parked his bike. “I wanted to ride you, the whole time I was looking at you...”

They took a few more steps towards one side of the carpark, before she grabbed his hand, and put his hand down her underwear. She was fucking soaking wet. She’d have gotten wet through her uniform, which didn’t consist of too much fabric to begin with.

Deryk looked at his watch—12:20 a.m. She fished out a condom from her purse, holding it in between her index and third finger, looking up at him with sweet, puppy dog eyes, and slowly rubbing her tits against his chest.

They went around to one of the last rows of cars at the end of the carpark, and did it right there—he brought her down to the floor, hiking up her skirt to her waist while he whipped his cock out and slapped it against her clit, before she whipped herself around and spun them both around, lifting her tight shirt over her head, lifting her bra up against her breasts, smashing her tits against his face, as she spread her flexible thighs and legs flat out to the sides—just like in Aimee’s video clip.

She rode his cock hardcore to the limit, his hands around and underneath her lovely, smooth taut ass, to protect her delicate skin from the asphalt. He thought of his daughter when his hand was around Amy’s neck, as the cocktail waitress reached in to give him a hot kiss brimming over with generous, unbridled lust—his consciousness flickering off momentarily, then switching back on to visualize Aimee and her photos, then Amy as Aimee, squeezing her lady lumps and working her pelvic muscles like she’d trained everyday for this. She rode his cock like a rodeo star, bucking and grinding her snatch, before pulling off.

“Cum in my mouth, *mmm...*” she cooed, looking him directly into his eyes, moaning and smiling. Deryk felt he was jumping out of his skin from pleasure when she took everything he had in her mouth, and swallowed his load.

She scrambled up when they heard a distinct honk—she half-helped Deryk stumble up, and gave him one last,

lingering, sweet kiss with her tongue and lips, before hugging him around the neck, and whispering, “You’re soooo fucking hot.” She slipped him her number on a plain white card, and adjusted her skirt, tottering off in her heels to her cousin’s Ford.

Deryk gazed at her as she was walking away, never taking his eyes off the leather skirt around her ass. He stood still, standing behind one of the cars, and zipped his jeans when he realized his fly was still open, after the car had driven off.

He only realized his hands had been on the asphalt once his knuckles started to sting. But better his hands than a divine ass. He didn’t know if his hands burned more, or his neck, where the cocktail waitress had last touched him, with a long, loving hug—just like Aimee always did.

* * *

[Sunday, 12:45 pm]

Deryk entertained Meg’s call in the morning, after he’d forgotten to reply her text from the previous night at 11 p.m. They both cordially entertained each other—she used the excuse that she was busy looking for something of Tomás’ (*a condom?* Deryk thought), while Deryk said he was sleepy but looking forward to meeting Aimee. He said he’d “say Meg and Tomás sent her their best wishes to ‘kill the competition’!” Which wasn’t entirely untrue anyhow, even if they couldn’t be in NYC, regardless of the reasons they gave. Maybe Tomás’ game was a convenient excuse to steal away for yet another day of paradise, in mother-son bonding.

Deryk picked out a simple black screen-print T-shirt, current-looking, but not too teenagerish that it’d make him look desperate to “regain his youth.” *So*, he thought, *Meg’s a cougar, with her cub.*

There wasn’t any pretty term for a male cougar. Except for ‘rhino’, or ‘dirty old man’.

He dragged himself over to Pearson’s School of Design, where the co-host ushered them into the waiting area. Deryk tried hard not to break into a cold sweat, as he thought of what Aimee had under whatever she happened to be wearing that day, before setting aside scandalous thoughts of her. He’d had Amy last night, a bonifide slut who loved to get

ridden hard and put away wet—*God bless them girls, God bless them for existing*. There were other girls like that. He wasn't going to think of Aimee that way.

Deryk tried not to look bored with one of the contestant's mothers telling him how famous her freakin' talented fashion-prodigy daughter would be, when the co-host stepped in, announcing they would be meeting the contestants in

5...4...3...2...

"OH MY GOD!" one of the contestants shrieked, as soon as the door was open. Everything seemed to be a swirl of a whirl of surreal activity—cameramen and lights, huge lights everywhere, reminding Deryk that everything was being captured on film. Every step, the slightest glint of a faraway, masturbatory hint in his eyes, and the moment might be recorded and YouTube'd and Tweeted for the rest of time. Deryk knew that the cameras were always rolling—

"Hi, Daddy-O!" and Aimee's arms were around his neck.

Deryk hugged her back, catching a whiff of her perfume, an alluring scent combined with the warmth from her body. He gazed at the brightly-colored walls surrounding them, gazing at the fabrics and material strewn all over the tables all around the room, looking anywhere but her curves, which were enhanced by a simple, thin-strapped slip dress. He rested his hand on her lower back, just, just, just before the curve of her butt began, a searing ache in his crotch, his hand was so near that smack-tastic fine perky ass which he so wanted to squeeze, see her shiver and shake, and—

"Contestants," the always-impeccable co-host announced, as he explained to the overjoyed participants the rules for the rest of the day. There was a visible, audible sigh of relief from the contestants, when they heard the good news that they'd have the day off to sightsee NYC with their loved one.

Deryk was standing now with his hands in his pockets, wishing he could whitewash everyone else in the room away: the urbane co-host, the lovey-dovey touchy-feely gay couple to the side in one corner, the cameramen and their clunky equipment, so it'd be just him and Aimee. He'd just hold her, lightly run his hands through her hair, and faint in her divine glory.

He felt like a dead man. He couldn't even claim his own daughter, a product of his own self!

There were two cameramen assigned to each contestant and their family member.

“Where’d you like to go?” Aimee asked Deryk, looking up into his eyes.

Her open, caring gaze soothed Deryk. He hadn’t been able to look at Meg and Tomás the same way since Wednesday. Aimee, he could still trust.

“Anywhere...I’m just glad to be here with you.”

He almost swung around to smash the two cameras—and the guys behind the camera—for trailing his and Aimee’s every move, from the time they stepped out of the design room in Pearson’s. Even if the cameras weren’t on, the presence of the cameramen was a hindrance to truly being in the moment with Aimee.

Father and daughter strolled down the street together, Deryk feeling he was being sucked into the vortex of a bad romance.

“So how’re you doing?” Deryk asked, just noticing their location: a quaint high-end café serving handmade artsy confectionery and beverages. The café was a true New York City landmark, overlooking Central Park. Their table at the corner made for an enchanting hideaway, the perfect spot for a romantic outing between clandestine lovers.

Deryk finally looked at Aimee, and noticed she was looking a little stressed and worn-out. Was she getting it on with the other contestants, or with the camera crew? That kind of hardcore activity would eventually wear out even the fittest person alive, if they did it all the time. He wanted to slide his hand up under her burgundy slip dress, get down on the ground, bury his face between her thighs like Meg did with—

“Oh, there’s so much competition,” Aimee sighed, wringing her hands together.

Deryk was sitting down, sort of listening to her—*screw you, camera guys*—trying not to concentrate on his growing erection.

Aimee was just as frustrated as Deryk, even though he was too lost in his own instincts and urges to notice. She was stressed out from competing on the show, and wanted to spend some quiet time alone with her dad, who’d taken the time to come over and show his support. She didn’t want to

have to be aware of everything that came out of her mouth, because the cameras were rolling.

"I almost quit the show," Aimee added, with a tight sensation in her throat. "It just got too hard."

What she said was echoing Deryk's own thoughts on life itself. But he got himself together. If he couldn't be an example for his kids, he couldn't expect anything out of them.

"Don't give up," Deryk began, even as his mind was going mad with lust. If he unzipped his jeans, his bloodmeat would've leapt forth like it had its own life.

"It's so hard!" she wailed, dabbing her eyes with the edge of one of the paper napkins on the table. "I just..."

Deryk paused, when he noticed some tears start to well up in Aimee's striking seagreen eyes. He reached over to hold her hand in his, his heart racing, his mind a chaotic blitz. To hell with the show and its producers, and glamorous hosts, and throng of camera crew and behind-the-scenes editors, the ones who literally put together the teasing trailers and dramatic scenes for each episode, that drew audiences in for TV ratings for the show.

Deryk knew Aimee's fears. He'd been there before: the fear about creativity and self-expression versus "corporate realities," the pull between building a career the conventional way, versus striking out on one's own.

She started pouring all of her concerns out. "I want to be true to my aesthetic...we have these challenges, and it's different if you're just watching it on TV—it's actually filmed in like 30 days—we're up at eight and only stop work at midnight and given just a few minutes to plan and sketch out the designs that the judges want—"

"Just do your best, Aimee," Deryk said, shifting in his seat when one of the cameras turned to face him directly. Was this all part of the show? "We'll always support your goals and dreams. Just do what you have to do, and stay true to yourself."

She rested her head against his shoulder. All Deryk felt in his heart was a need to protect her, to give her some strength and moral support to carry on with what she was doing. He was so glad he'd come to see her—he'd come at just the right time.

The moment was captured on film, the kind of emotionally-driven stuff the producers of the show would be looking out for, to include in the final version of the episode that would eventually be viewed to the public.

Deryk didn't mention how worthless he felt. He felt like absolute rubbish had just rolled out of his mouth.

If what he said were true, he'd just given justification for Meg's actions. *Just do what you have to do, and stay true to yourself.*

Deryk wasn't expecting Aimee to break down. He hadn't seen her cry much as an adult. He remembered the few times he had witnessed her cry, when she was a teenager. He'd never known what to do. He'd just stand around quietly, supporting her with a listening ear and his presence. After a while, she would pick herself up and head off somewhere, usually to her own room, usually still sobbing. But her bright smile would always return the next day, after a good night's rest.

Suddenly, the cameramen put their equipment down.

"We've got enough footage," one of them said to Deryk. "Aimee needs to be back at Axis Hotel by 10 p.m.—you can spend the rest of the day together."

Deryk gave a bewildered nod, and watched as the two cameramen went off in the direction that they had come from. He watched as they crossed the busy street, and turned the corner.

"Thank you, Daddy." Aimee clung on to his shirt, taking in his familiar scent. He made her feel secure and comfortable. She leaned in, whispering, "That sure got rid of them quick."

Deryk felt a warm sensation on the back of his neck. "It was all an act?"

Aimee sat up, slowly leaning back against her seat. "The whole show is," she said with a tired sigh. "They've already decided who the winner is going to be—it's the individual whose 'aesthetic' most closely aligns with one of the sponsors of the show. Though of course, they won't mention this to the viewing public."

Deryk blinked at Aimee. He didn't know who the corporate sponsors were, though he understood that was the way things worked in the media.

“You’re still in the top five,” Deryk said. “You should be very proud of yourself, as we all are.” He could say that with certainty, with regards to himself at least.

Aimee nodded. “And the show does give a lot of exposure—it looks great on our resume too.”

She leaned forward, resting part of her breasts on the table. The top part of her breasts were showing—Deryk snuck a look at the cream in her cappuccino, then the exposed area of her breast, and wet his lips.

He froze when he saw her looking right back at him. He knew she saw him lick his lips. Could she see the filth going on in his mind?

“How’s the hotel you’re staying at?”

Deryk put his hands beside him on the seat, when he saw the marks on his knuckles. *Amy. Bouncy curls. Tits. Ass. About Aimee’s age.* “Good,” he replied.

“Shall we head over there for a bit?”

“Sure.”

It was one block away. Deryk and Aimee walked beside each other, both on the quiet side, enjoying each other’s company. Deryk was spacing out—he wanted to see Aimee sprawled out on his bed in the hotel room. He’d strip her, tell her he’d seen some of the photos on her PC, and wanted to take some of her, for his own personal collection. He wouldn’t ask about her photos, ask if someone had taken them, or who had seen them. All he wanted was to see her stripped naked before him...and maybe do a little dance with him—or for him, an ass shaking lap dance of a private show...

“Which floor?” said Aimee.

They’d sailed into the elevator of Hollywood Slots, and Deryk hadn’t had a clue.

“Three.”

Deryk got his card out of his pocket to open his room door. If he’d chanced upon a pair of handcuffs on the floor in his room, he’d be stuck between two options: using it to chain Aimee’s wrist or ankle to the bed, or using it on himself, so that he wouldn’t do anything he’d regret for the rest of his life.

The door clicked shut behind them. Deryk went over to the window, to switch on the air conditioning unit. He pulled back the curtain, looking out at the streams of people on the street below. He wasn’t bothered with any of these

individuals, who looked so little down in the street below. What would any of them do, if they were in his shoes, standing in a room next to an attractive woman?

"You know..." Aimee said, going nearer to her father.

She was so near, that Deryk's hand brushed against her hip, when he turned slightly to face her. She was so radiant—strong as well as beautiful—he reached out to touch one of the loose strands of her hair, a gesture of affection, more than anything else.

"Some of my...designs, were too risqué for the show. I had to start over and do a whole new piece. It'll be totally edited out of the episodes that will view later."

Deryk frowned. She had a makeshift studio in the basement of Deryk's house, while she saved up to get her own studio sometime in the future. He'd seen some of her designs there—he recalled lots of shine, and metallic, edgy chic kind of apparel.

"But one of the guest judges—a celebrity—saw a pastel pink satin corset I'd made, and she requested for it. She'll be wearing it with jeans to her next red carpet event."

"That's great, Aimee!" Deryk beamed at her, so proud of his daughter.

Aimee smiled back, then looked out the window for a moment. Deryk thought he saw a sultry, smoldering glint in her eye. The celebrity must have a bangin' body to wear a corset out of the house instead of in the boudoir. A bangin' body, like Aimee's.

"And we might team up, for a celebrity line intimate wear. The items would be feminine and fun, with a hint of spice."

Deryk breathed slowly, impressed at the recognition Aimee was gaining, and envisioning her modeling her slinky intimates. He wanted to be in her—he wanted her to be all his.

"I wanted to thank you," Aimee continued. "You're the one who always said to stay true to a vision...and the only one who meant it. That kept me going through the show. All the backstabbing and bitching and stuff going on...if I'd listened to the judges all the time, I'd never have done the 'risqué' material that's part of my signature. *And* that might get my name somewhere."

No need to thank me, Deryk thought. He was gonna rifle through her studio another day, if he could. He was interested in what he might find there.

“And...” Aimee said quietly, “...you were the one who told me to audition for the show in the first place. You’ve always been rooting for me...I always think of you...for inspirations for designs...for past words of advice.”

Deryk didn’t quite know just how much of an inspiration he had been to Aimee. She’d learned more about sex and sexuality from Deryk, than her mother. Meg gave her the facts and hard advice when she had questions—but it was Deryk who really showed her the sensuality and raw power of the female form. She’d seen his porn collection, which included tasteful softcore nudes, hardcore amateur videos, and much more. She’d wait past 2 a.m. when she was a fifteen-year-old, just to sneak downstairs, and open up Deryk’s laptop, to see what new material he’d added to the locked folder labeled: ‘hahaha’. He had a document of all his passwords, which he saved on the laptop. Once Aimee had found that, she had full access to all his folders and accounts. She’d seen his desktop wallpapers and screensavers of luscious, exotic nude bodies, which he changed whenever there was “family” around.

She always knew he had a high sex drive.

And so did she. It almost drove her over the edge at times—boys loved her and would want to bang her, but she was looking for a man, not a boy.

She was looking for someone with confidence, who was sensuous, and knew the power of fantasy. She was looking for a good lover who’d take his time in bed, for someone who actually gave a damn about her. Someone just like the man she was standing beside.

She went on her knees before Deryk, sliding the straps and neckline of her slip dress down, letting her large breasts pop out over the tight neckline.

“Aimee...” Deryk uttered, in shock and out of balance, feeling the breath being knocked out of his lungs, and the whole room starting to spin around slowly, like when he’d first woken up in the morning. *Tomás and his whore*, *Amy and the asphalt*—all of Deryk’s existence seemed to revolve around these two images, which had led him to the present moment.

His daughter looked up at him, with eyes that hid nothing. "You're the only person who never had any harsh words about my passion for fashion...it means the world to me."

She was about to blow his mind in three seconds, and she knew it.

"Thank you, dad," she whispered coyly, gently placing two palms flat against his thighs, gazing up at him with her sexy smoky eyes. She took his cock between her plump, soft lips, starting off by giving him a delicate blowjob that would send any man to heaven and back.

All Deryk could think of at that point was the silky wetness of her mouth. It was warm and slick, with slight movements and pulses of her tongue. Neither of them said anything, and Deryk started to grunt breathing heavily as Aimee worked his cock in style, pampering his stiff man meat with her tongue and lips, and sucking it from every imaginable angle. The long, wet blowjob made Deryk melt. And seeing the beautiful bliss on his face melted Aimee's heart.

Aimee was so good with her dad that even his ankles started to sweat. Deryk knew he was going to feel drained, that his balls were going to hurt a little later, from coming so hard. She continued with the fellatio as Deryk straddled over her chest, transfixed on nothing but her as she sandwiched his smooth, nicely shaped, raging cock in between her tits, and slid it in and out until he released his cum on her neck and breasts.

She rubbed his cum into her tits, then licked her finger tips, her tongue begging for the last drips off his cock.

"Let me taste you," she breathed.

Deryk shot a major load a couple more times, and Aimee swallowed those, sucking on his head so, so gently. She gave his cock a kiss, before sliding her mouth off.

"I *looooved* doing that," Aimee said, showing him her wide open mouth, as she licked her teeth and lips clean.

She looked at Deryk as if for confirmation, that he'd enjoyed it as much as she had. So far, he hadn't had a single moment of unbearable self-loathing. He smiled and kissed Aimee fully and long on the lips, slowly, enticingly, like they were the only two people in existence at that moment in time.

“I’ll never forget that.” A wave of pure passion and gratitude went out from Deryk’s heart to Aimee. He’d do anything for her. Meg and Tomás meant nothing to him, when his daughter was willingly on her knees before him.

Aimee smiled gently, and looked down at his penis. Deryk gave her tit a quick squeeze, before he grabbed it hard, and started sucking on her pink, swollen nipple. Aimee gave a soft moan as her languid body writhed upon the ground. Deryk extended her pleasure, his hands spanning her narrow waist, caressing her skin, before he started kissing her on the side of her neck. One of Aimee’s hands stroked and rubbed the back of his head, before she hugged him round the neck, in the way that he loved to death.

Aimee reveled in her success. She wanted her show of appreciation to be something Deryk would always remember—a special gift from Daddy’s little blowjob queen.

#

Author Q&A

A short chat on the topic of incest with Jess C Scott, who writes contemporary fiction + poetry.

1) Do *you* have a brother?

Jess: No, I do not. I’ve wondered from time to time what it might’ve been like, though (if I did have one).

2) Where did the idea for the first incest story come from?

Jess: I submitted *Wicked Lovely* for a “taboo subjects” writing anthology (I think it was one of the lines from Harlequin). A few months later, the editor replied saying that the writing needed some “cleaning up.” By that time, I’d already published *4:Play* (my multiple genre-crossing erotic short story collection). Ed’s voice is deliberately rough and unpolished—and I kept it that way (allows his true thoughts/etc to show through).

3) What has reader response been like?

Jess: I got slammed by an editor of a literary journal, with regards to Ed in *Wicked Lovely* (an excerpt of the email discussion is available in my writing portfolio, *Porcelain*). Apart from that, I'm quite surprised at some of the responses to my work—I primarily just write things coz I have to get “things” out of my system, lol. So it's nice when a reader appreciates something in the writing/story. And if they don't get it, that's okay.

4) Did you do any research for Wicked Lovely?

Jess: I was surfing around websites, reading on real-life accounts of brother-sister intimacy. I frequently read many accounts which were very honest and open (anonymous, or no)...what I saw in the accounts was a pure and clean type of love which you don't see often (in a society/culture that commoditizes sex and romance). I sought to capture this in a story on the topic. My erotic fiction is never meant to just work up a reader—I'll always try to add something else in.

5) Is incest “right” to you, then?

Jess: Procreation concerns aside, I tend to look at the quality of the relationship itself (over the actual relations / blood ties of the people involved). A really solid relationship based on all the good things like real trust, etc, is really special, and I guess I share the views of Ed's friend, Rafiz, in *Wicked Lovely*. P.S. France lifted the incest ban as early as 300 years go, during the reign of Napoleon (I think).

6) Is any subject too taboo for you?

Jess: Mentally and conversationally, not really. I'm always open to learning something new...

#



'Rockstar' sketch by Jess C Scott

Jess writes edgy/contemporary fiction, and is an English/Business graduate of Adams State College.

About *Incestiable*, she says, “I guess this might be a ‘launching pad’ for a couple of longer (incest-themed) pieces I’d like to complete in 2011. I usually try to focus on ‘erotica > porn’ (on the storyline amidst the activity)—I aim to continue this focus in my future projects.”

Jess would like to expand on her numerous and diverse writing projects, over the first half of 2011. She is currently working on some outlines for a “seven deadly sins” series (and urban fantasy projects, along with some “deviant” material that will only be available from her website). She enjoys the speed and efficiency of indie publishing, and

thanks you for your support of indie
authors/artistes/rockstars.

Other titles by Jess C Scott:

EyeLeash: A Blog Novel (teenage memoir)

4:Play (erotic short stories)

The Devilin Fey / New Order

Porcelain (portfolio of written + illustrative work)

Business Plan (building brand identity)

Business Plan (on positive thinking)

1: The Intern (Book 1 [Lust] in the Sinso7 Series)

Take-Out (interracial / small town)

The Other Side of Life

(upcoming cyberpunk/urban fantasy series)

And more in 2011 on jessINK.

Connect with Jess Online:

Facebook: www.facebook.com/jesscscott

Twitter: www.twitter.com/jesscscott

Website: www.jesscscott.com

E-mail: missfey@gmail.com

If you enjoyed *Incestiable*...

Please tell two friends who you think might enjoy it too :)

Thanks!

P.S. And feel free to let me see your
thoughts/opinions/suggestions via a review, or by email.

missfey@gmail.com

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